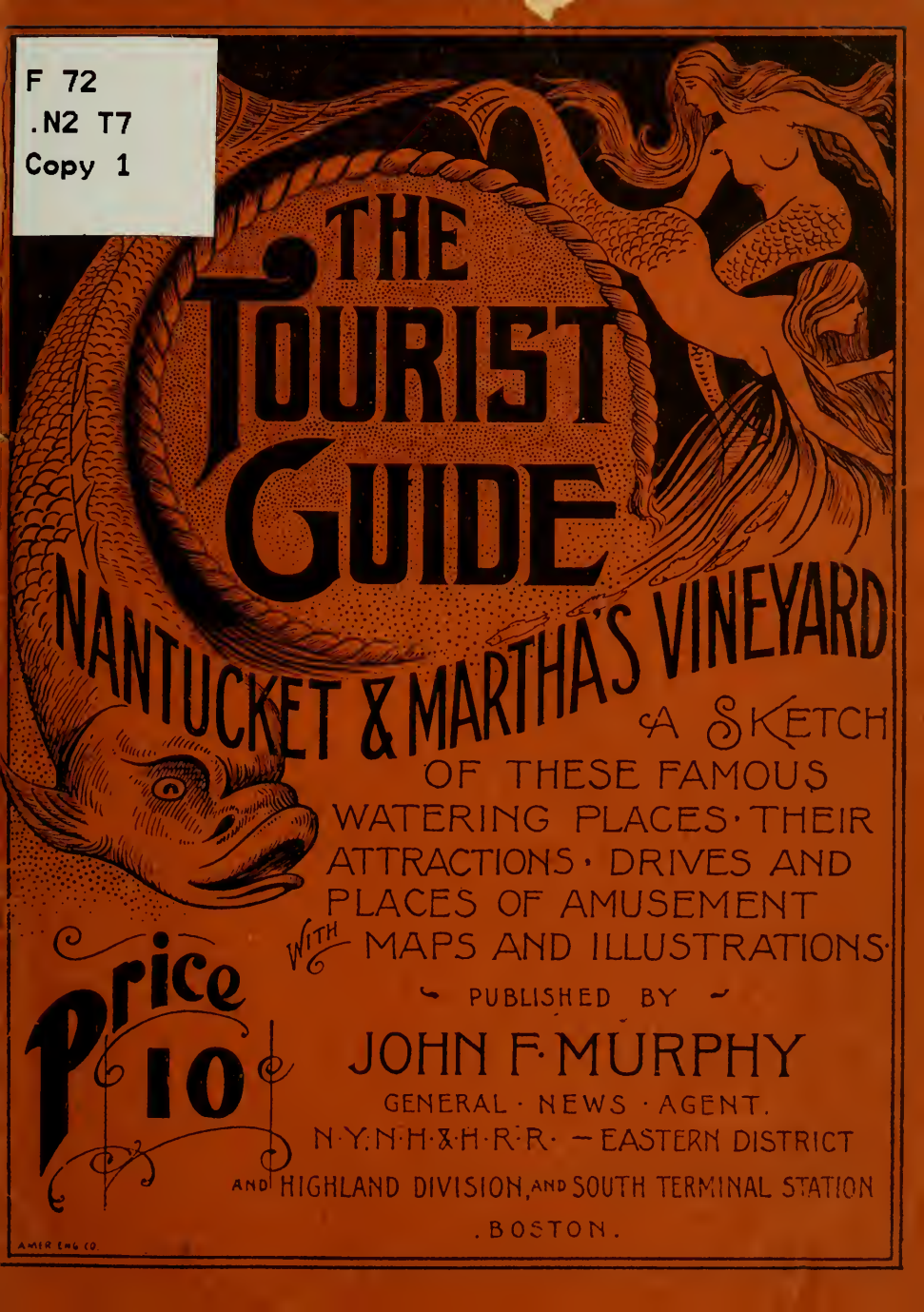


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# THE TOURIST GUIDE

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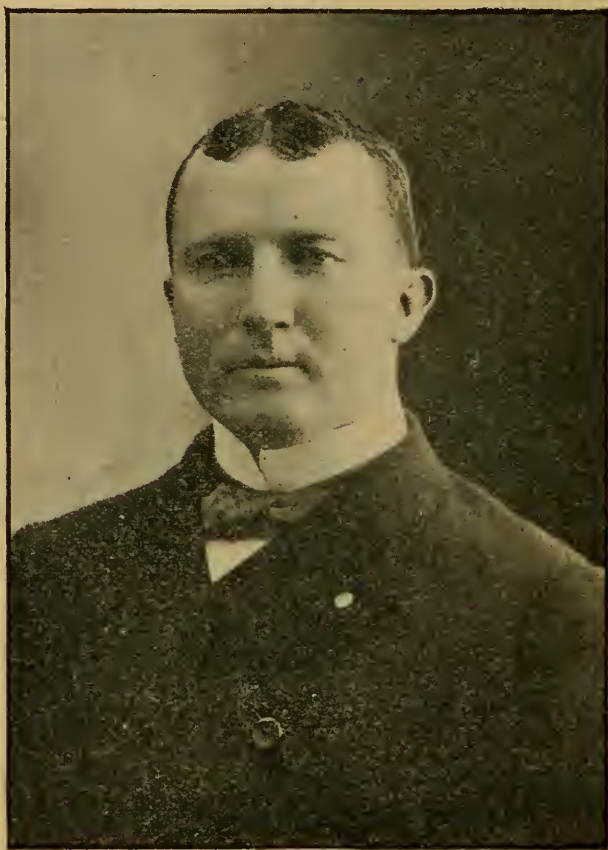
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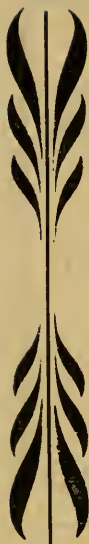
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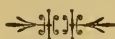
# The Tourist's Guide

...TO...

## *Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard.*

A Sketch of these Famous Watering Places;  
their attractions, drives and places of amuse-  
ment, with maps and illustrations. . . .

Price 10 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY

**John F. Murphy, Gen'l News Agent,**

N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., Eastern District and Highland Division.  
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THE NANTUCKET  
GALLETIN

# *Nantucket.*



**N**ANTUCKET, that queenly island whose ineffable supremacy over other seashore resorts, in its delightful climate and pleasing surroundings, is steadily forging ahead in universal popularity, and is to-day one of the most sought after watering places. Its rare old antiquity, its fine hunting and fishing facilities, have endowed it with charms irresistible.

The rich sights of quaint mannerisms and the unchanged customs of ye years ago, are readily conducive to a complete reversal of the customary visions that confront the metropolitan visitor, and thus the transmutation of the mind to a broader and more thorough appreciation of the deeds of those who so many years ago made this island their home. On every hand the tourist is encountered by sights that have a refreshing tendency upon the intellect, that to be fully comprehended must be experienced.





*Steamer Gay Head.*

Arrived at the wharf landing at New Bedford, the tourist wends his footsteps among the merry, careless throng that makes Nantucket their Mecca. He has no occasion to ask the way, interrogations in this respect are verbose, to say the least. Simply follow the purient mass that surges with that one paramount desire to board the boat.

It might be well to state that the unacquainted traveller should not leave the train at the New Bedford station. Retain your seat until, a few minutes later, the wharf will be reached.

Boarding the steamer and braving with Indian stoicism the results attending momentary concussion of the ribs, the most desirable part of the boat naturally to be sought would be on a level with the pilot house. Even now, as one reposes comfortably, under the shade of the top deck, which obviates the tortures of Old Sol, cool refreshing breezes waft cheerily about the heated brow.

“All aboard!” the stentorian cry of the ship’s crew rings out; and simultaneously the gang-plank is drawn in. All is hurry about the boat. Young and old commingle together alike, each intent upon partaking freely of the occasion. The grey-haired old lady who leaned so trustingly upon the arm of a young man by her side, while her bright eyes flashed with pleasure as they scanned the boats and scenery about her, showed how keenly she enjoyed the change from the confinements of her city home.

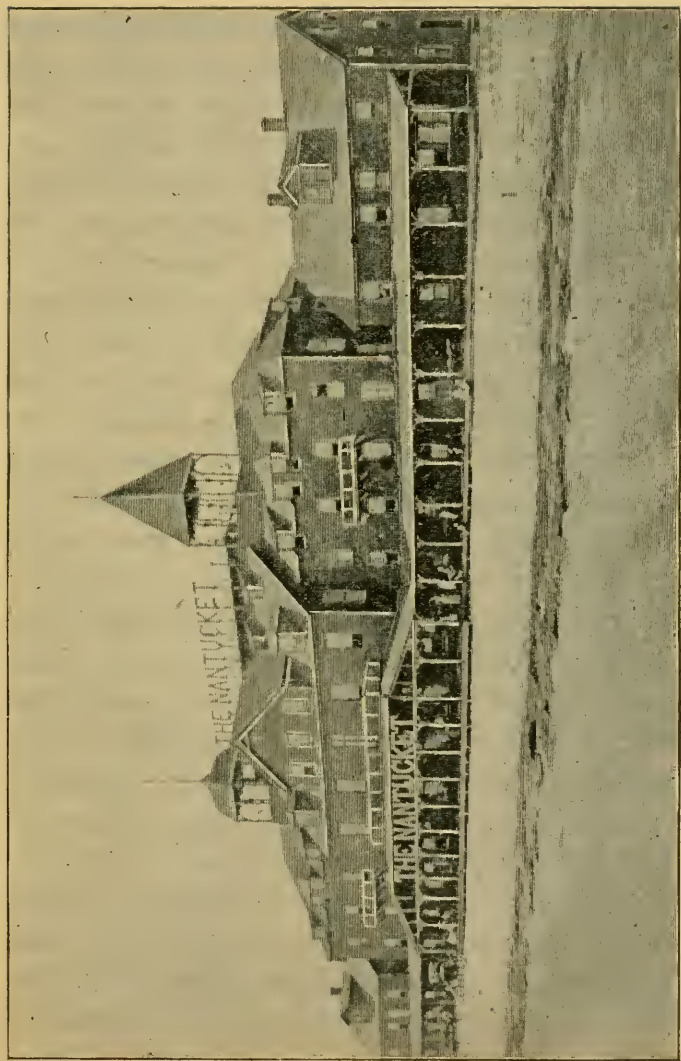
The boat sways slightly, then a mumbling of a silently moving machinery; a clang of the captain’s bell and the trip has begun. Slowly, with almost human animation, the boat plies her way, rounding Palmer Island, on which is noted Palmer Light, and the harbor is being left in the rear. The town of Fairhaven is observed as the journey progresses, on the left.



On the extreme end is Fort Phoenix, and further down on the opposite shore is Clark's Point, upon which is situated Fort Taber. South-westerly from New Bedford on the right Nonquit can just be sited in the distance. This point is especially notable as being the summer residence of the late General Sheridan, during his lifetime and where he finally died.

Turning attention now toward seaward, as Buzzards Bay is entered, Sconticut Neck, noted for its black rock proclivities, comes into view. Now for a brief period, especially on the left, is observed the broken coast noted for its promiscuity. Here and there are small detachments of land standing out like some individual island, which, technically, they really are.

The glorious sun, mellow in its brilliant lustre, reflects, fantastically upon the rippling waves; and they, too, apparently catching the jollity of his sunny majesty, reflect back and seem to wink merrily at the jolly crowds aboard. The varied array of spectacular scenery and natural splendor are so happily blended that when contemplated in their ensemble, they cannot but elicit the unmitigated enthusiasm of the observer. Dame Nature in all her grandeur of aquatic and astronomical arrays entertains.



*Hotel Nantucket.*

Gayly tripping with swan-like ease, the boat pursues its south-easterly course. Then the Bay is crossed and a small chain of islands, the largest and most important of which is the Naushon, materializes. This strange little island, has secured more or less notoriety by reason of the whims of its recent owner, Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, now deceased. The property is said to have been formerly possessed by an English nobleman. Here, at regular intervals, fashionable hunting parties were formed. At the further end of the palatial residence which adorns this land, is Tarpaulin Cove, where the boats and yachts of its late owner were wont to cruise.

Nearing Wood's Hole, it is observable that this is one of the narrowest entrances that a ship is obliged to pass through in the country, "not excepting Hell Gate," declared an old captain. It is next to impossible to obtain a view within the enclosure until the narrowest part of the channel has been reached. Despite this fact accidents are very infrequent. The approach to Wood's Hole is replete with interest. The tall beach, oak and pine trees enclose, seemingly, in their majestic environment, the cottages that dot the front. When opposite the entrance to Wood's Hole the boat

reduces her speed to a minimum. Carefully and accurately she feels her way along the narrow course laid out for her. Successfully entering the harbor, the Fish Commissioners' building is the first to attract attention. From this magnificent structure millions of fish are given existence in the briny deep. A large number of students are in attendance here. In the laboratory are jars containing every imaginable species of fish. The boat here touches the wharf and many gay revelers depart. Again the vociferous voice of the sailors announce that "all" are "aboard" and the gallant ship once more plies onward.

Passing along Wood's Hole, on the right Gladings Tower, whose history resembles very much that of the old Newport Mill, is brought into view.

Then Nobska Light which we pass on the right, is brought into view and is the last clear view of the mainland.

Sailing along we then pass Vineyard Haven Harbor, a great shelter for vessels during heavy gales, also the rendezvous of the New York Yacht Club, during their summer cruise.

East Chop Light is then seen on the extreme end of Martha's Vineyard Island. After a sail or half an hour we next sight West Chop

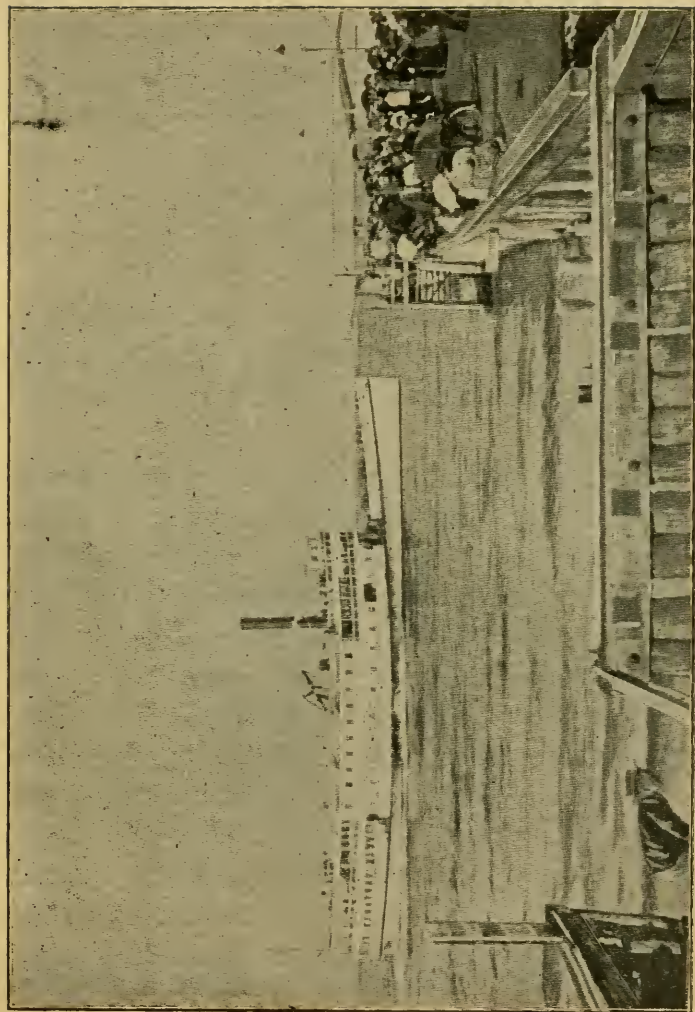
Light, on the northwestern point of Martha's Vineyard.

In the distance, to the right, is the town of Vineyard Haven, speedily growing to be a famous watering place. It is a veritable "haven of rest," extending out into Vineyard Sound and Vineyard Haven Harbor. Situated thus, in the immediate path of the cool refreshing winds that pervade the point, this section of Martha's Vineyard possesses all the attributes of a spot of recreation and its patronage is sufficient evidence of this fact. The multitudes that promenade the thoroughfares in the summer give to it a very metropolitan aspect, the realism of which is only eliminated by the cool, careless array that prevails.

Now passing East Chop Light, the boat turns to make a landing at Oak Bluffs. The building that you notice at the head of the wharf is the Martha's Vineyard Institute, a summer school for teachers.

Our next landing is Cottage City, one of New England's famous watering places, visited annually by 250,000 people. As this renowned resort is approached; its magnificent lay out, even as viewed from the landing, cannot but win the plaudits of the lover of the artistic and the beautiful. Cottage City, quite





*Landing at Cottage City.*

appropriately suits this resort, whose area is covered with palatial edifices, conceived by the most noted architects and its quiet unpretentious buildings that shelter the workman who recreates here. Lying close to the sea are concentrated the greater part of the City's residences which invite the breezy winds from Nantucket Sound.

The trees that are said to have flourished, extending to the bluffs are now not to be seen and their presence remains as but a memory of the past.

After leaving Cottage City the boat takes a south easterly course and the journey to Nantucket is once more resumed. On the right as the boat steams along, away in the far distance looms up against the horizon, a dim line of steeples which is Edgartown, one of the principal towns of the island of Martha's Vineyard. Then, on the extreme end of Chappaquiddick Island is Cape Poge Light. After sailing for seventy minutes we see to the left, the Cross Rip Light Ship. From this point the tourist will have a long sail through Nantucket Sound, before anything is visible to the naked eye. This is the only part of the sail where land is not visible.

We next meet the island of Muskeget, the

minature spurt of an island which lies off the coast, north-westerly of Nantucket, which although, in the matter of population is unimportant to a minimum, was the scene not long ago of one of the most stirring and unusual incidents in these days of enlightenment.

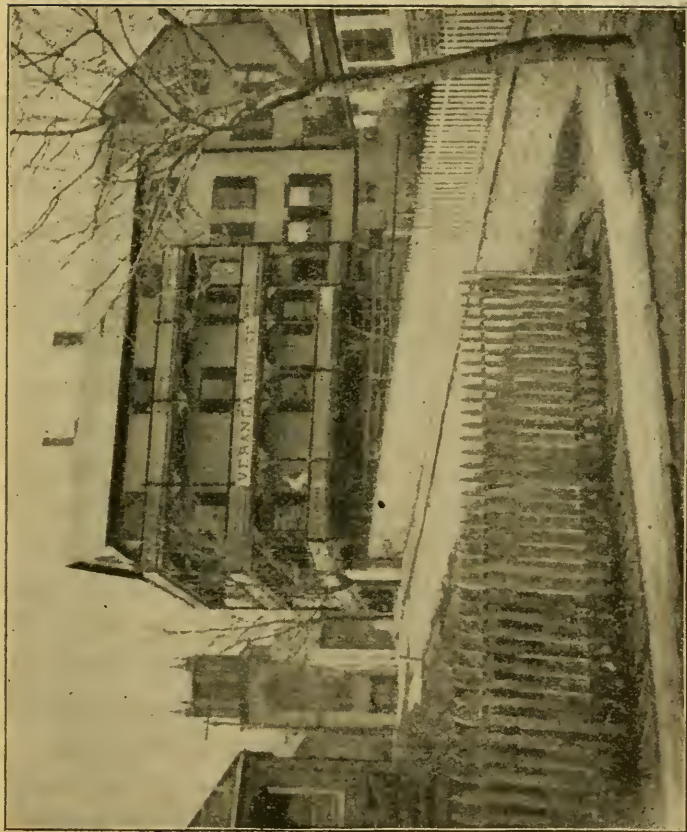
Skilfully laid plans had been made for its "appropriation" by an element of men, the accomplishment of which was only averted by the heroic and unflinching attitude of one of New York State's most respected and liked of men, who figured in an episode that recalls the dark ages of the past when pirates and brigands held full sway. It is a story replete with incident and ends like a work of fiction, in the death of the instigator. As is quite universally known the land laws of Nantucket county are very flexible, the designation of property not being specified by acres, rods, etc., but rather to "fences," points of view and other similar manners of description. At the time of the incident herein referred to, there were not more than twenty-five people, at the most, residing on the island. They were what are termed as "Squatters," possessing property without legal title. They maintained subsistence by fishing and hunting, and by their isolation

from the world in general were veritable renegades. Little knew they of the value of property, less of the rights of mankind.

The fine fishing and hunting facilities that characterize the island attracted the attention of a wealthy Boston gentleman, now deceased. He was prominently identified with club affairs and after hearing of the situation as existing at Muskeget, he enlisted the interest of a number of well known Bostonians and they organized a club.

Their advent upon the island was very quiet and for a time they enjoyed the fine fishing and hunting as had many of their predecessors, in a spirit of general disinterestedness. Shortly afterwards though, their first deviation crystalized in quiet pilgrimages to various residents on the island and their interests bought. When by this procedure they had purchased about half of the island for a ridiculously small sum of money, they manifested their designs.

They were to control the island, sweep off every solitary "squatter," drive off every "poacher," and, in short, emulating Crusoe, be monarchs of all they surveyed. With tenacious system they put forth their plans and in the quiet of the night would work. The



*Veranda House.*



mysticism of fiction ne'er surpassed, nor the promises of eventful success never seemed brighter than did the secret workings of the club members seem to indicate. The secret work of a lodge room was never exemplified with more favor than these men demonstrated. Hideous yowls, like some horrible unknown animal wafted at intervals in the hitherto undisturbed quietness that prevailed. Stuffed snake skins of incredible dimensions which would dot the path of the wayfare, were preliminaries in the work of banishment. In the dead stillness of the night, while the yowls of despair rent the air, a victim was selected. Then in the garb of some savage or some horrible mockery of humanity, they would pay tribute in the form of an impromptu call upon an islander. Their threats were painfully plain and unmistakable. The poor "squatter" gazing spell bound at the sight before his eyes feels his eyes slowly starting from the sockets while he clasps his head to see if it was but a dream. Here it was he was born; here he had always lived and now with his wife and babe, whose existence he sustained by fishing and hunting, he saw mythically, his little home vanish in a mist. Of the outside world, its deceits and evils he knew aught. To him this



apparition was inconceivable. His temples throbbed, and in the horror of the moment, he screamed in terror. With almost demonical force its intonation reverberated and ere the last ring had died away, others filled the air. Terrified almost to a state of delirium the man gazed at the strange vision before him, garbed in the habiliments of some "creatures" that he had never seen, beasts in the form of man. His voice lacked articulation, his muscles refused to perform their wonted functions. With mute appeal he looked in to the shining optics that alone were revealed through the masks they wore.

A stillness as horrible in its contrast, as the noise before, then pervaded the room.

A movement from the circle about the poor fellow, and its leader steps forward:

"Friend," his sepulchral voice rings out, "leave the island. If by tomorrow you are here ——."

Silence closes the remark, a suggestive gesture across the throat is made and turning they file out. How many times these scenes were enacted it is difficult to say. Matters were progressing in a way that bid fair to depopulate the island of its original settlers when events were brought to a crisis.

A wealthy gentleman, from Rochester, N. Y., who made Nantucket his favorite resort, became interested in the hunting and fishing about Muskeget. Being unaware that anything out of the usual was in vogue at the island, he established a gunning station and proceeded to bag whatever game came within his reach. In the midst of his past-time, on one of these trips he was encountered by Mr. M., the Boston man, and was surprised to be threatened with death, unless he left the island. As it happens, the gentleman referred to is a dead shot and this threat actuated him to reply instantly: "Well, if there is to be any killing, come along."

Mr. M. did not carry his threat into immediate execution, simply turning away and repeating his warning.

This meeting was the beginning of a sad end. The people who were conspiring to obtain control of the island realized that they had a foe who could not be intimidated as were the natives.

Investigation into the conditions existing at the island was begun by the New York gentleman. He still continued to visit the island and many weird happenings are said to have transpired.

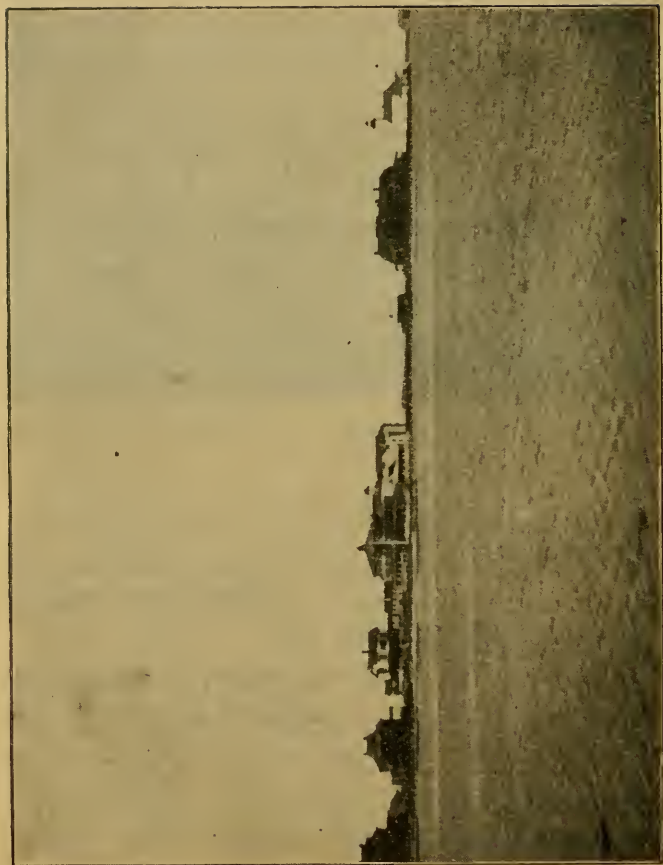


*Wharf, Nantucket.*

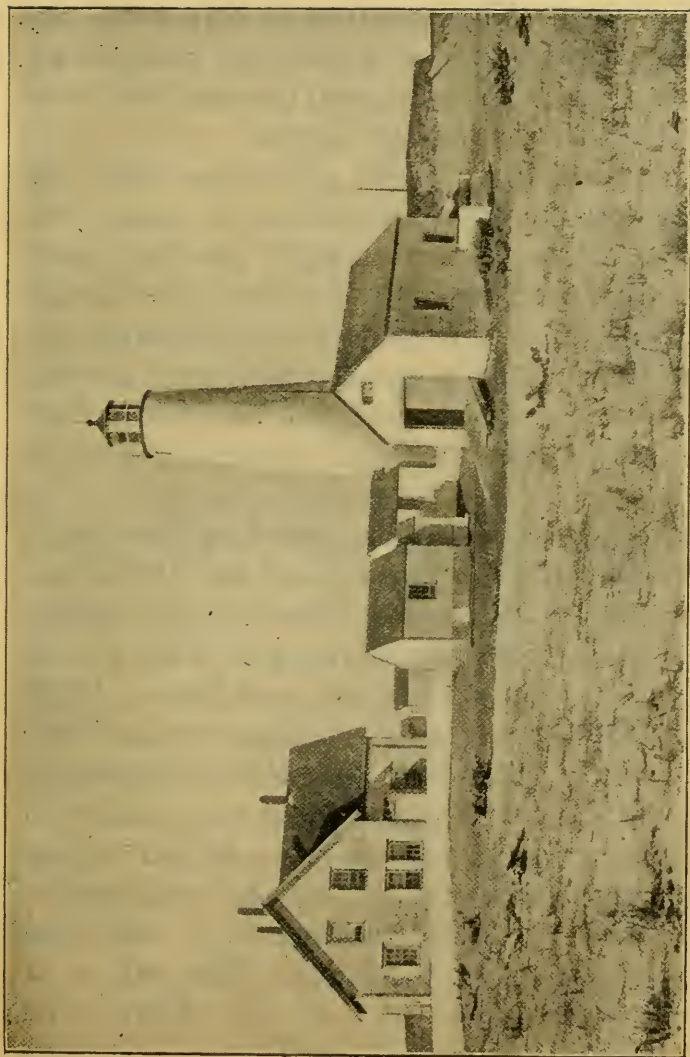
The legislature was petitioned and what, at one time, looked favorable to the stealing of the island was thwarted by Muskeget being set apart as a public park.

The suicide of Mr. M., while aboard a steamer, not long afterward, ends the last chapter in a train of incidents seldom witnessed in these days.

Nantucket is now in view and as the boat draws nearer to her destination the High Cliffs situated on which are some of Nantucket's finest residences and hotels are observed. The boat now slackens her speed. Extending out from the shore the famous jetty can now be



*Brandt Point from Steamboat Wharf.*



*Great Point Light.*



easily seen. The function of this very important construction is to prevent the sliding of the sand into the channel, thereby diminishing its now very shallow depths.

The Brant Point Light now commands our view; also the hotel situated on this point, the number of handsome cottages on this point with their well kept lawns, attest to the beauty of this point of the island that is growing into great favor with the summer visitors. Rounding Brant Point and entering Nantucket Harbor, the destination of our journey is now in sight.

Here, outlined against the deep blue sky, are observable the steeples of the Unitarian, Methodist and Episcopal churches; the Athenaeum and ye olden structures which have made Nantucket notable for its antiquity. With careful glides the majestic boat swerves around. The wharf is literally black with towns-people and visiting tourists who are present either to welcome some dear friend, else to participate in the inevitable rush. Their pent-up spirits burst their bonds and they are an incorrigible mass of struggling humanity. The efforts of three policemen to succumb the hilarity of this troupe is a veritable burlesque. Twenty or thirty carriages are lined up in the rear

for the conveyance of those desiring transportation. With what malicious humor do those cabmen of Quaker-like sincerity give the uninitiated an idea that his carriage "For the hotel, sir," is a gratuitous offer.

The boat is nearer, the rush of the crowd more emphatic. 'Kerchiefs float cheerily welcomes and coquettish flirtations to someone aboard, boisterous yells proclaim the untamed urchins alike in this respect from Bowery to Nantucket.

As the boat slowly pulls toward the wharf there is one grand abandon of formality and a bedlam of noise reigns supreme. Above the melee of a sudden, rises another—that of "Billy" Clark, the traditional, impressible and famous vocalist whose fish-horn voice fairly outshines the collective racket of the crowds in his one wild cry of "News! News! Hor-ri-ble News! Fire in New York!"

Hotels and lodging houses are to be found in great numbers and there is no lack of accommodation and good service. Among the hotels are the Sherburne House on Orange street; the Sea Cliff on The Cliff; Ocean House, Centre street; the Veranda, North Water St. Holiday Inn, Orange street; Point Breeze and The Nantucket. Securing the services of

these drivers, the traveler is quickly landed at his temporary abode. Others who may prefer to walk and thus enjoy the short stroll between the wharf and their rooms, will find the route easy to follow by consulting the street map appended herewith.

When, after partaking of the delectable suppers for which Nantucket is famous, the tourist leisurely wends his footsteps over the land where three hundred years ago, viz., 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold first sighted Siasconset and made Nantucket his home. There is a great deal of tradition supposably founded upon science that accounts for Nantucket's origin being due to deposits that were left by icebergs from Greenland. It is a curious fact that while many large rocks are on the island, the stone is soft and cannot be utilized to any extent. In the recent macadamizing of the state roads stone was brought from Brooklyn. About 1630, Indians who occupied the island extensively are said to have fought the last Indian war in the history of the island. Eleven years later Lord of Sterling deeded the island to Thomas Mayhew. Mayhew, however, evidently became overburdened with the worries attendant to the ownership of an island,

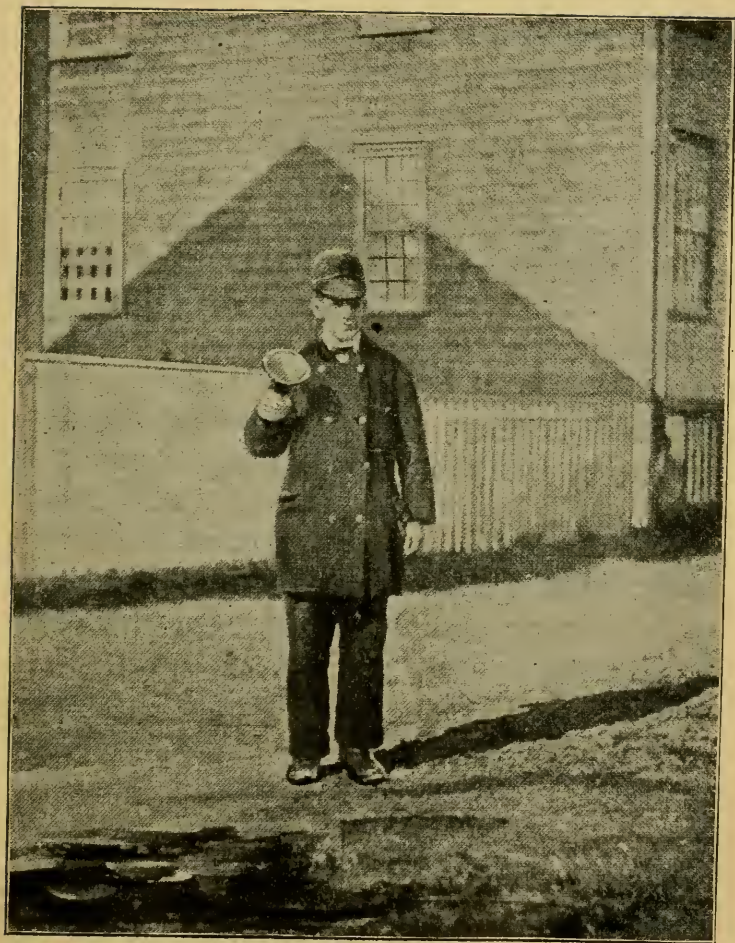
for in 1659 he sold the land to ten of the residents for the munificent sum of \$400 and two beaver hats. The purchasers, whose descendants today are among the most estimable citizens, are Tristram Coffin, Richard Swain, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenlief, William Pile, Thomas Macy, Thomas Barnard, Christopher Hussey and John Swain. In later years the land again reverted to the inhabitants, who, by inaugurating the common lands system, each became an equal owner of the property.

Sixty-nine years after the island's discovery, the town was incorporated, which took place in 1671. The industry of whaling which at first began in boats from the shore, gradually increased until it was one of the greatest fish stations in the country. In 1693, the natives petitioned that the Island which had hitherto been a part of New York, become a part of Massachusetts, which was granted. The Indian Plague in 1764 devastated the island of 86 red-skins, leaving but 86. Abraham Pinkham Quarry was the last of his race. He possessed all the traits of his forefathers from enjoying the sight of his squaw's energy to an occasional infliction of his muscular qualifications upon her. The Nantucket Bank made its debut in 1795, being robbed the same year of \$22,000.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century rapid strides in advantageous facilities for education and religious training, were made. It was in 1800 that the Academy was incorporated and four years later the Pacific Bank and two insurance offices established. 1834 witnessed the erection of the North meeting house and the incorporation of the Athenaeum. In 1831-38 the two great fires which played havoc with the town property eventuated. Those fires so thoroughly gutted the town that the residents have had two men watch, each night from the tower of the Unitarian church on Orange street, for any signs of a possible conflagration, ever since that never to be forgotten time. The town first experienced the gas-light system in 1854. Some five years after this date Abraham Quarry, the last of the Indian race who ever characterized the island, died. 1865 saw the organization of the High School Alumni Association.

The traveler thinking reminiscently of the vast changes that the once prosperous Isle has seen, strolls through the masses of jolly vacationists who line the streets, curbs and everywhere, in fact, conceivable. His soliloquy is brought to a rather unceremonious halt by the sudden extemporaneous outburst of





*Billy Clark, Town Crier.*

"Billy" Clark, whose stentorian voice, which rivals his pet fog horn, accentuated in its terrific delineation of phraseology convey the news that a meat auction is to be held. A meat auction is to the metropolitan visitor an unique novelty. When one of these auctions are intended, the proprietor of the market seeks out a crier, generally the indefatigable "Billy" Clark, the King of Bell Ringers, whom he hires for fifty cents, more or less. For this compensation "Billy" half walks, half trots through the town, with either a bell or horn in hand, sometimes both, as on the 4th of July and state occasions, at intervals coming to an abrupt halt, throwing out his chest, clanging the bell or tooting his fog-horn, and conveying with a characteristic disregard for phonetic or any other earthly means of understanding thus:

"Meat Auction! Going to be a meat auction this morning, at 10 o'clock, corn beef, fresh beef and pork. Geo. E. Morris! Geo. E. Morris! Geo. E. Morris! Don't forget!"

Then before the fierce tingling of "Billy's" voice has died away, 'tis heard again, for "Billy" takes several jobs at a time.

"Concert in Athenaeum tonight! Go and see it! Commences at 8 o'clock! Go and see it!"

"Dance tomorrow night at skating rink, tickets 50 cents, considerable going on."

"Billy" certainly gives his customers their money's worth. He is not so simple as he looks either, according to a recent assertion he made to that effect:

"I go around the streets minding my own business. People think I'm foolish. Fools ain't all dead, am I?"

"Billy" while in the course of his duties quite recently had occasion to glance into the window wherein was his photograph along side those of Benj. Harrison, Grover Cleveland and others.

"Put my picture in there," puffed "Billy," "I had a good mind to prosecute these people, my picture is copyrighted."

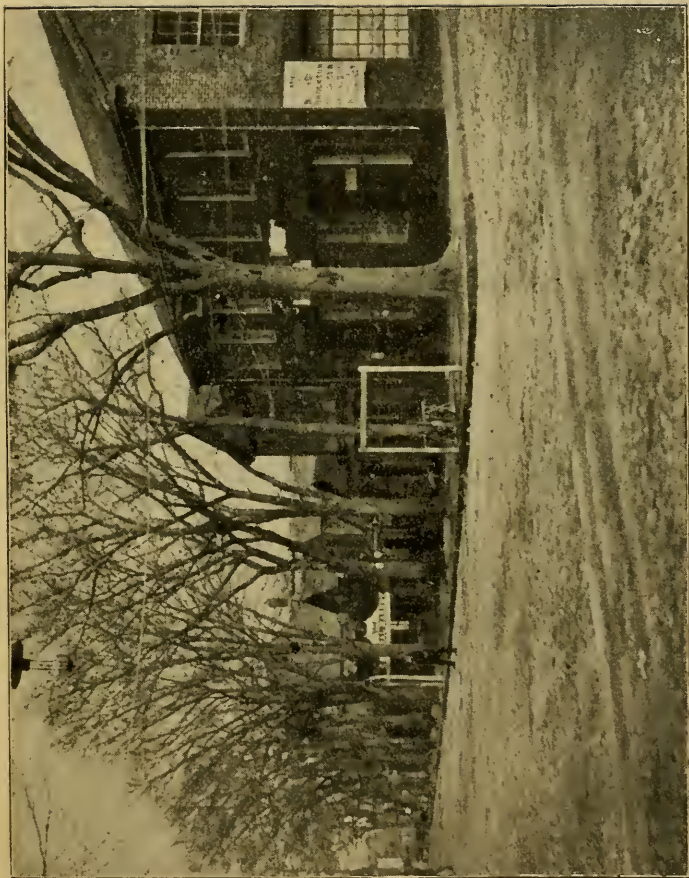
There is a little bit of history attaching to this crier that may prove a wind-fall to "Billy" It seems that he enlisted at the time of the war, but for some reason or other did not seem to be particularly adapted to soldier's life. Several matters of more or less importance turned up which resulted in "Billy" receiving a furlough of 99 years. Here is a little food for thought, "Billy."

Following in the wake of the crowd, who flock about the market and form half a circle



*South Side of Square. Looking West.*





*South Side of Square, Looking East.*



around the stand, or table whereon repose choice cuts of meat, the auctioneer is perceived standing upon a chair and facing the multitude.

“How much am I offered gentlemen, how much am I offered for first choice. Mr. Harper’s nice fresh corn-beef, killed right off Mr. Harper’s farm. How much am I offered?”

The bidding is quite spirited at the first. The meat is sold somewhat differently than in a city market. As it lays upon the table skewers are in the meat betelling the weight of each of these particular pieces of meat. When the auctioneer asks for a bid for “first choice” it is understood that the accepted bid will be for the “choicest” piece of meat on the board, per pound.

As a rule, Nantucket has the best Brighton beef. This line of goods is generally used by the local hotels and satisfies the most fastidious. But of this meat auction, that’s quite another matter.

Perhaps a little anecdote told to the writer by Mr. Isaac Hills, of ’Sconset, will be interesting. At one time Mr. Hills was the possessor of a large bull. Not having any use for him it was suggested that the bull be killed and sold at auction. Somewhat skeptically,

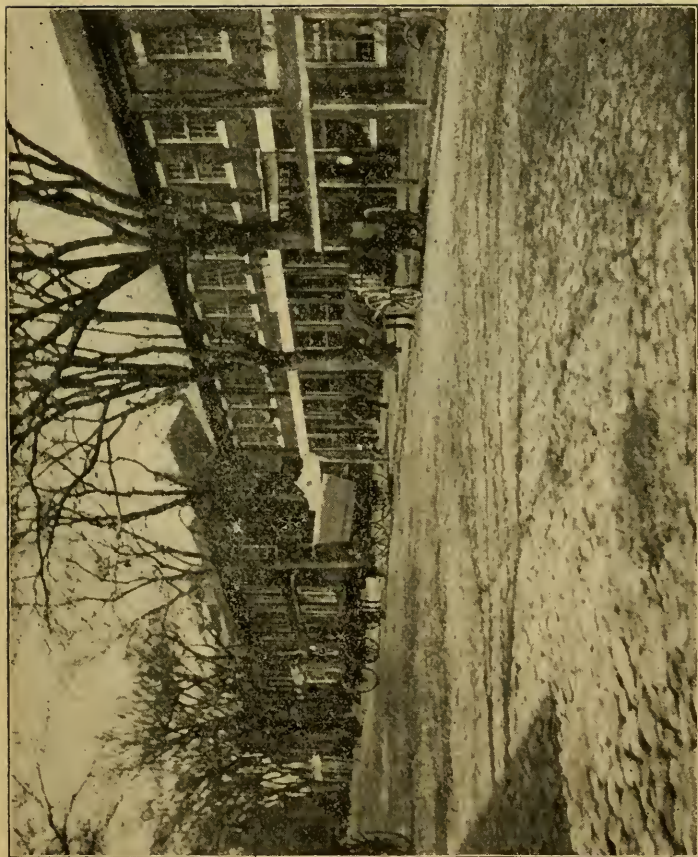
this was done and what was Mr. Hills surprise to be informed that the tough old bull netted him \$40. "Nuff said."

Of these unique town-criers a very amusing incident was related to the scribe. Among the early criers who jarred the delicate sensibilities of the community was a Quaker. Now this Quaker, it seems, deviated from the prescribed course of consulting the town selectmen, in regard to a certain mass of miscellaneous vociferation. For this breach he was told he could receive no pay. Upon being informed that no money would reward his boisterous dispensation of fantastic rhetoric, the humble Quaker once more appeared upon the scene, crying.

"By the slackmen (selectmen) of Nantucket, I hereby uncry what I have already cried, by jinks!" The good Quaker's name, by the way, was Jinks. Another functionary who occasionally inflicts his vocal ability upon the unwary, is Mister Hull, who also supervises the rope which rings from out the tower the hours of 7, 12 and 9. Now Mr. Hull is a very conventional and unostentatious individual so far as appearances goes. Yet when he gave one of his favorite "cries" it set the writer to thinking that either he is descendant from



*North Side of Square, Looking East.*



*North Side of Square, Looking West.*

the baron Munchausen else he is a composer who would make a wide mark, somewhere. Mister Hull's cry which he rehearsed in the old tower, with arms, eyes and legs waving in ecstatic delight, while his hands pantominely rung a bell, was:

“Missing from Nantucket about the 3rd of next month, a tall complexioned young man, 5 feet, 6 inches of age, 37 years high, when last seen wore a pair of swallow-tailed seal-skin coat, iron trimmings, double-barrelled frock coat, water proof, tight canvas boots, with leather tips, turned up at the sole, deaf and dumb of one eye and hard of hearing in the other, pock marked on the back of the head, stooped shoulders unless standing straight, slight impediment of a Greek bend upon the upper lip, whiskers cut off short at the roots, do not return him, pass him on, or he'll be prosecuted to the extent of Nantucket.”

While, as a rule, there is a sufficiency of accommodations to meet any demand, there are, of course, exceptions to the rule. In the early days of boarding-houses James Arkins, a Quaker of some 20 years ago, became involved in the task of accommodating traveling men. One night a party of tourists came to his house and asked for lodging. Unfortunately





*Pacific National Bank, Main St.*

he could not take them under his fold. The drummers persisted that they must sleep somewhere, consequently the Quaker remembering that possibly his friend, Mr. Coffin, could receive them, said:

“Gentlemen, I’ll find thee rooms but thou must sleep in coffins (Coffin’s).” It is needless to remark that the drummers misconstrued the good Quaker and hurriedly remembered an engagement.

The village post-office, which cuddles in like a sandwich between two slightly larger edifices (?) cannot be mistaken. Here the crowds made their rendezvous after supper

and the lines which form to seek letters from abroad is phenomenal. About the office on the walk are signs and notices of every description, some hung, others tacked and pasted. One sign tells in woeful tone, and more woeful chirography, and grammar, of a lost dog. Others say that taxes must be paid or ———. As they are contemplated in their entirety they would at times make the Sphinx relax his cold stern demeanor and laugh as heartily as they cause the untutored mind in antiquity to indulge.

It is nine o'clock! Clanging clearly with monotonous bing-bang, the curfew rings out. For five minutes the bell tolls out its silvery warning that in ye years ago, found the many citizens wooing Morpheus. But nowadays,— Ah, old curfew, dear in your old antiquity, and treasured in your homely teachings your lessons are quickly being forgotten.

Arising bright and early, thus enjoying the charms of a Nantucket morn, the tourist should bear in mind that although noted for its old bearings and "ramshackleness" in general, that \$36,574 have been expended in the improvement and building of streets during the period of 1894 to 1897. Arrived at the village it is seen at a glance that the entire business

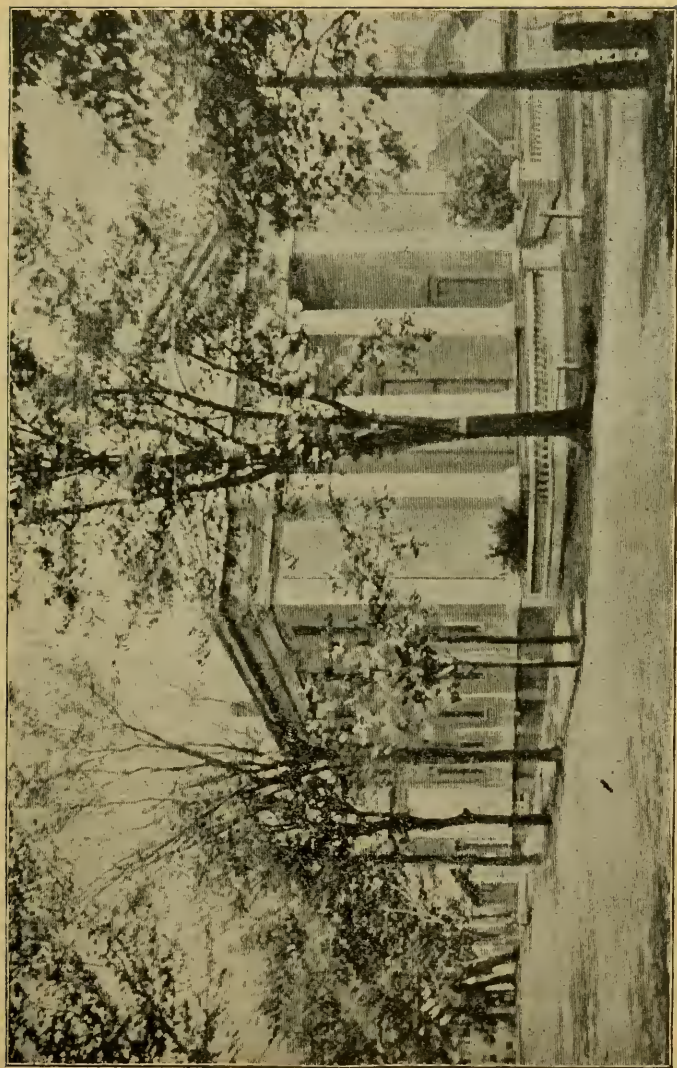
make-up of the town is confined mostly to Main street. True, a few stores dot the outskirts at intervals, but not to any extent.

Turning down Federal street, and after a short walk, the Athenæum is the next point of interest. Entering its portly doors the Library is noted. Contained here are many magnificent and valuable collections of rare and costly volumes, many the donations from deceased citizens. An hour or two may be very profitably spent in here perusing books noted for fame and antiquity.

Entering the museum, for which an admittance fee of 15 cents is charged, the visitor notices on entering, the first telescope made, and with which its inventor made a very important discovery, to the astronomical world, shortly after. For this action he is said to have been presented with a medal. A Manilla cocoanut is curiously gazed at, for, to all the world, it looks like a huge horse chestnut. When the jaw of the sperm whale, who in life weighed 100 tons, is contemplated, it is with some awe that one is informed that this jaw bone, 17 feet long, weighs 800 pounds. The whale from whose body this bone was appropriated was captured in 1865 in the Pacific.

"Camels," viz: two raft-like constructions which, being joined together by several large chains that fitted under a ship's keel, thereby hoistering her up and towing her into harbor. Since the building of the jetty "camels" have been of no use and are now a matter of history. Hung up above the reach of children is the "Malay Kris." This is a blade used by the islander to simultaneously stab and poison his enemy. The cast of a Hindoo Princess is seen standing in a corner. The princess looks as if she had seen better days. Behind the princess, so as to reflect a back view of the dilapidated descendant of royalty, is a looking-glass 100 years old, which belonged to the grand-father of the Starbuck family. A very formidable array of war implements hang upon the wall, the heads of many representing some idol. It is interesting to know that the fine work with which these clubs are executed has been accomplished by shells and stones. Visions of the sleepy eyed Celestial present themselves when an old opium pipe is detected laying down and useless from the effects of time.

A species of whale tooth which looks something like a porcupine is a curious object. Through the long deep grooves at the base of the tooth the whale would strain its food; by



*Athenæum.*



its side is the jaw of a deformed sperm whale, broken in the course of a sea-fight.

Next, hung along with spears and war clubs is noticed the costume of the ladies of the Ocean Islands. It is made of grass and in substance would make a fair sized wig for head-gears. The "Orka," a cannibal species of whale is represented here. This comparatively small whale is greatly feared by his larger brethren. Four or five of these whales generally travel together. They select one of the larger whales and begin to worry him. Their object is to eat the tongue of the other, and they quite often succeed in their desire. The tongue of a good sized whale will yield 25 barrels of oil. The Fiji war-mask which is worn by the natives while indulging in warfare is a hideous head-gear. The face is made of finely carved and colored wood, eyes being represented by an island stone, while moss is arranged around the top, somewhat after the manner of hair. From the South Ocean is contributed the albatross. Spears poisoned by dead bodies and sap from the Upas tree, are synonomous of the Indian Ocean. When a war is anticipated the King has his men prepare these spears, then in order to satisfy himself of their effectiveness, he selects some old man

from his tribe who has passed usefulness as a warrior, has him bound to a tree, and he then makes him a human target. If the victim dies, all is well, they go to war.

Jars used by the mysterious Aztec race are curious utensils. The Sandwich Island belles show their energy by producing a cloth made after the manner of the ancients. A pair of Japanese shoes that are sometimes worn by the natives in the place of rubbers, resemble greatly a wash-stand on a small scale. An Esquimaux jacket made from the intestines of the seal and walrus exemplify the ingenuity of the northerners.

A series of prints represents, pictorially different events in the unfortunate life of Marie Stuart. On every side may be encountered quaint old emblems of the past, that cannot but evoke appreciation of the talent that imbue the savage, however do we differ from those uncultivated beings, in social problems.

Of "old houses" on Nantucket there are several that locally enjoy this distinction, but the old weather-beaten structure that sets back about 150 yards from the road on Sunset Hill avenue is indisputably the "Old House." The house was built in 1686. Of late years it has been sadly neglected and today is divided nearly in half as a result of inattention.



*Old House, 1742.*

Just off Winter street is the famous Coffin school which was constructed in 1826. Isaac Coffin, its founder, was at the time of its establishment, an admiral in the British Navy. For a long while the school flourished, but, at the time of this writing, (1899) it is closed.

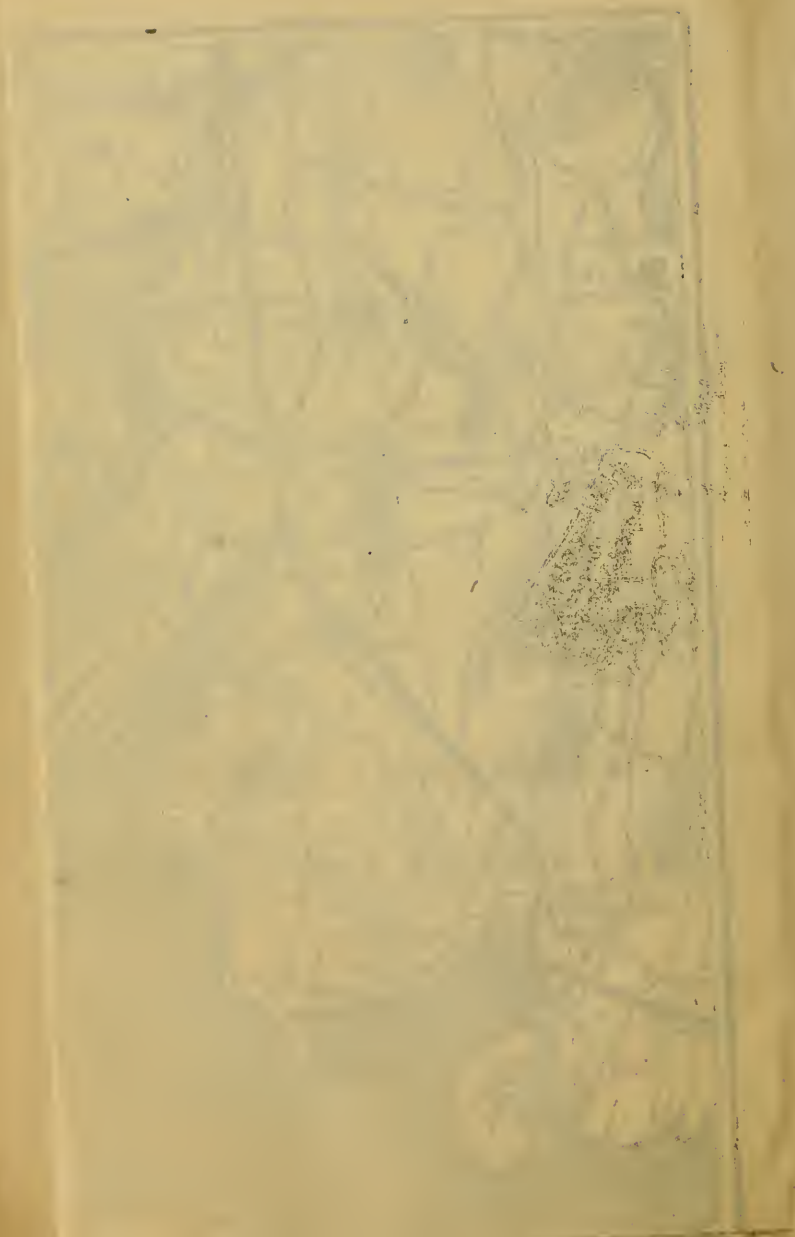
The "Spanish Bell" which hangs in the tower of the Unitarian church was brought to Nantucket in 1812 by Capt. Charles Clasby, who purchased it at Lisbon. There is nothing very picturesque about the bell. A short time ago the tongue of the bell broke off while













*Old House Built in 1636.*



being rung, crashing through the roof in its descent below. It was joined on to its severed part again and with this exception is apparently good as the day it left Lisbon. On the bell is a cross, while the following inscription may be read upon it:

“Ao bom Jesus do monte completao seus votos os devotos de Lisbon, offerecendo lhe Hum completo iogo de leis sinos para chamar pos ovos adorato no sen sanctuario.”

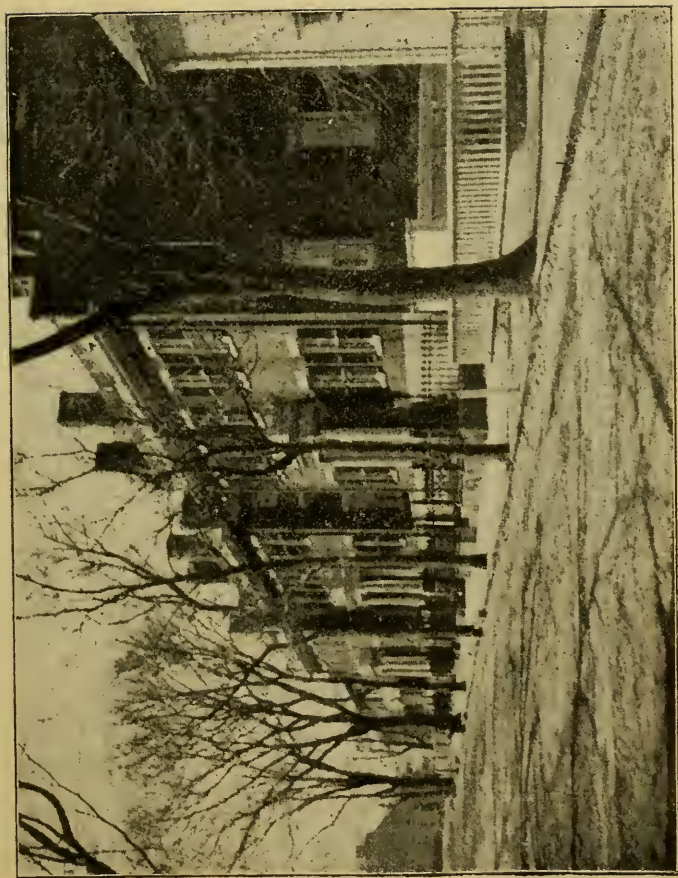
“Joze Domingues Da Costa offez erm Liboa No anno de 1810.”

Which translated reads:

“To the Good Jesus of the Mountain the devout of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him one complete chime of six bells, to call the people to adore Him in His sanctuary.”

“Jose Domingue Da Costa, has done it in Lisbon in the year 1810.”

There is considerable tradition attaching itself to the bell, it being given credence at one time that the bell was smuggled over here. From the tower the spectator may obtain a complete view of his surroundings; drink in the beauties of its coast and note its queer maze of streets. It is customary to remember Mr. Hull before leaving with some pecuniary testimonial.



*The Starbuck House, Main St., Built in 1838.*

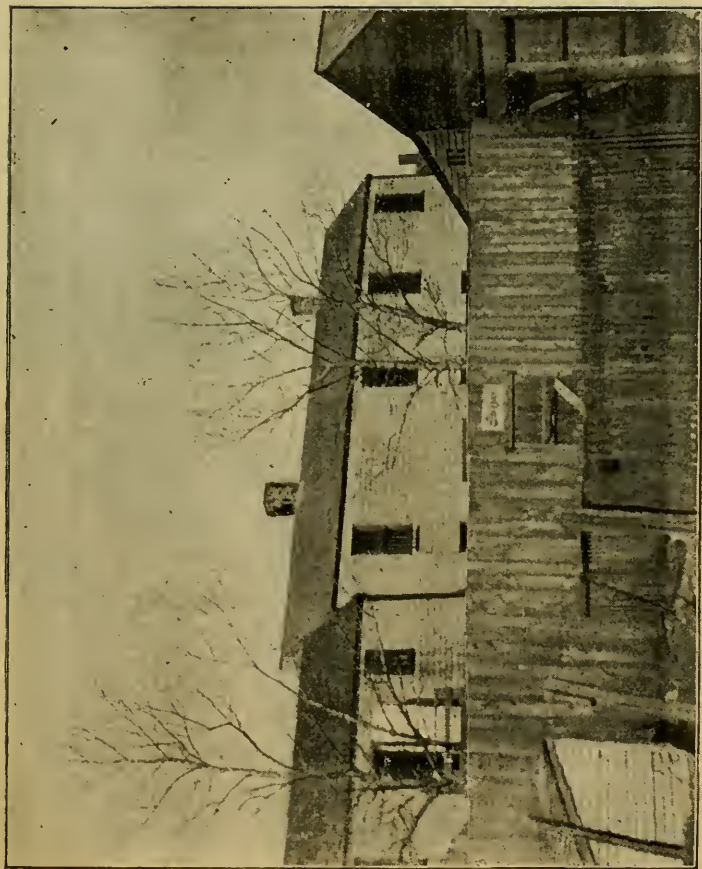


The Jail and House of Correction are two very remarkable points of interest and the tourist should not neglect the opportunity to visit that edifice. In excuse for designating the jail as an edifice the writer was told of an amusing tour of inspection, when Mr. Macy was identified with that position.

It seems, according to a well known resident at 'Scenset, that the state inspectors came on here to perform that duty at one time. Now the jail was not a model in appearance, so a little strategy was expedient.

The inspectors were met by the hospitable supervisor and taken to dinner. Here the subject of inspection was a thing of the past. A delightful time was had, but what caused a ripple of merriment; was the report of the inspectors who made mention of the brick edifice and its almost palatial surroundings.

Situated just off Vestal Street and looking not unlike a mammoth bird-cage is the jail and the house of correction. With the kind assistance of the jailer's assistants the tourist enters the large gate and sees the jail proper. The skeleton of a chair sets in a corner. Whether it was put there to remind the inmates of the electrical chair at Sing Sing is not known. But the cushion of feathers beside



*Nantucket Jail.*

it would tend to substantiate the statement that a prisoner had threatened to leave if he were obliged to sit on the hard boards. At another time, when the jail door was loose and contraband inhabitants in the form of sheep began to install themselves inside, the inmates are said to have emphatically declared that unless the sheep were kept out they would not stay longer. The walk too, parallel to the door was wont to be muddy and many a prisoner soiled his shoes while sunning himself. This caused great dissatisfaction among the guests and it is asserted, many made strenuous expostulations which resulted in the building of a brick walk where the visiting prisoners may now promenade with ease and comfort. Entering through the inner massive door which is now tottering on its hinges, other equally large doors are seen on right and left. Opening the door on the left the spectators find themselves in a cell, so called. Light squirms through a veritable port-hole, that looks as if 'twas blown through the walls. Here it is that the over indulgent Bacchanalian finds repose and serves out the mandate of justice. Here too, it is jocularly asserted, is the preferred aboding place of gentlemen of the road who find the hotel rates beyond their limited means.



*Old Windmill.*

Observing the construction of the fence about the jail the visitor quizzed the guide as to the probability of a prisoner escaping. With a look of pride came the reply:—"Why, only the other day a man left here who was sentenced to thirty days and he said he wished 'twas ninety."

Leaving the yard of the "jail," the house of correction is next approached. This structure is somewhat larger than its contemporary. Its use is practically for the same purpose. Passing through the door, which bears a lock after the pattern of a dwelling house, a course is pursued to the right. Here by a curious

combination of original architecture, one is obliged to double up and squeeze into an aperture which is really a stairway.

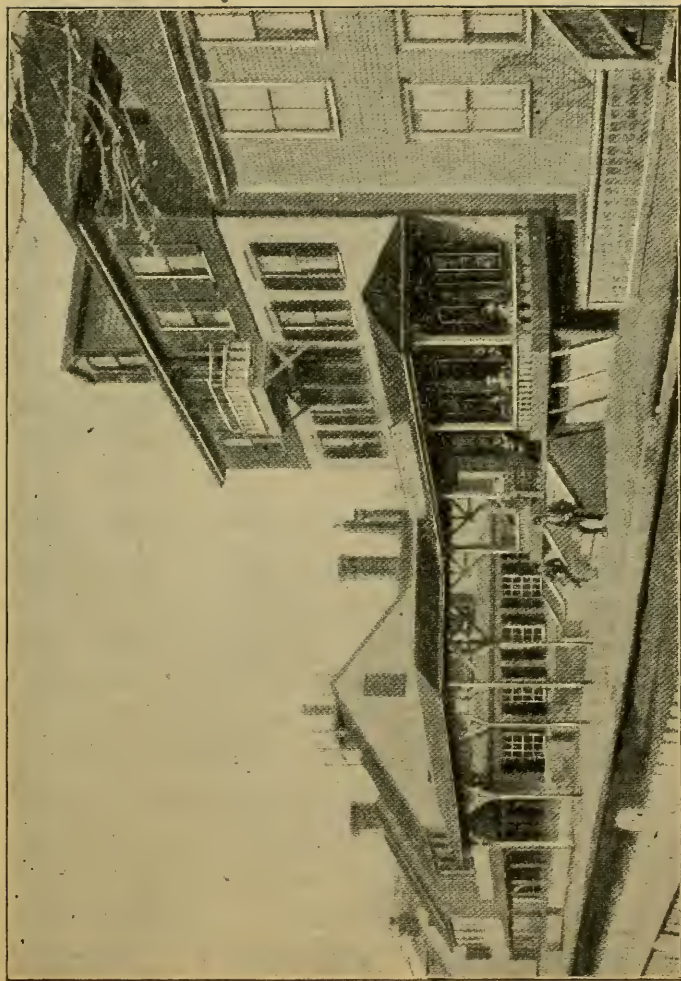
Providing one is slim enough an ascent may be made, the authorities should see to it, that a balloon or some other buoyant aid be furnished visitors. Upon emerging from the gap in the floor, a rather large room is confronted. Laying along by the wall is a long table. Whether the prisoners here amuse themselves at billiard or cue alley games, cannot be said, for the guide didn't seem to know. Leading from this room is another. But it is locked. Here, the guides said, are kept liquors. Can this account for the popular esteem in which the fraternity of the road regard this institution.

In one of the cells in the jail was confined Patience Cooper, who, a number of years ago, was arrested for murder. The lattice work structure that separates the cells was to admit heat to her cell, it not being considered safe to put her within reach of fire on account of her unsound mind.

For each arrest the officer receives 50 cents. The jail is said to be 150 years old.

Another comedy that was enacted within the queer old jail is related to have happened when





*Springfield House.*

at one time, a young man was the jailer. Elated by the dignity of his important position, the young man imbibed freely of the ardent. As his spirits began to rise he conceived the idea of treating one of the prisoners.

Accordingly he bought a quantity of old red-eye and made for the jail with the condescension of a monarch he invited the prisoner to smile with him. Smile followed smile and they began to grow dear to each other in the sympathy of one great cause. The jailor suggested a perambulation about the town and the prisoner acquiesced.

The next tableau in this phase of manifest interrelation came to a tapis when a messenger informed the selectmen that the jailer and his prisoner were in a state of ossification in the suburbs. Further comment is superfluous.

The scribe was told a quaint incident in which a justice figured. It seems that over at 'Sconset a number of burglaries had been committed. The matter was brought to the attention of a well known resident who figures as a famous detective at 'Sconset, and he set to work on the case.

By the assumption of many disguises and other paraphernalia used in tracking criminals, the detective succeeded in ferreting out the

culprits. He swore out a warrant and a summons was served upon those implicated.

Entering the court next day the detective found that the judge and himself constituted court, audience, and all.

The judge took his high seat and in the stillness of the court, read the warrant. Silence followed for a moment, only to be broken by the judge, who, turning to the detective, said:—"The accused came in this morning and admitted their guilt; now there was no need of bringing them before the public, so I settled the matter," continuing with a look down at the detective, "your share is \$16.75, the court is adjourned." The detective personally acquainted the writer of the above incident.

Nantucket is a veritable town of churches, as the stranger becomes acquainted with the number of places of worship and numerous services, he cannot but admire the religious adherence of the Islanders. The new Catholic Church on Federal street has been but recently erected. Every third Sunday Rev. Father McSweeney comes from Wood's Hole and reads mass. There are masses said every Sunday through the summer by visiting priests at 10.45 a. m.



*Baptist Church, Summer Street.*

The Unitarian Church on Orange street holds Sunday services at 10.45 a. m. Rev. Geo. H. Badger, pastor.

At the North Congregational Church on Beacon Hill, Centre street, Lord's Day services, morning 10.45, Sunday School 12 m., Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting 6.30, evening service 7.45. Church Prayer Meetings, Friday evenings 7.45. Pastor, Rev. Walcott Fay.

Summer Street Baptist Church, Summer street, services 10.45 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. Thursday, general prayer meeting, 7.45 p. m. Friday, Covenant meeting, preceding first Sabbath of each month. Communion, first Sabbath in each month, after morning service. Rev. Wm. Alger, pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Centre street, near Main. Rev. E. A. Lockwood, officiating clergyman.

Sabbath, public service with sermon, 10.45 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. Sunday School 12.15. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, first Sabbath of each month, morning. Epworth League meeting 6.30 p. m. Week days, Class meetings, Tuesday 7.45 p. m. Prayer and Conference meeting, Friday 7.45 p. m.





*North Congregational Church, Centre Street.*

Episcopal, St. Paul's Church, Fair street, south of Main, services, Sunday 7.30 a. m., Holy Communion; 10.45 a. m., first and third Sundays, Morning Prayer and Holy Communion with sermon; second, fourth and fifth Sundays, Morning Prayer and Litany with sermon; 2.30 p. m., Sunday School; 7.45 p m., Evening Prayer and sermon. Wednesday, 9 a. m., Morning Prayer and Litany.

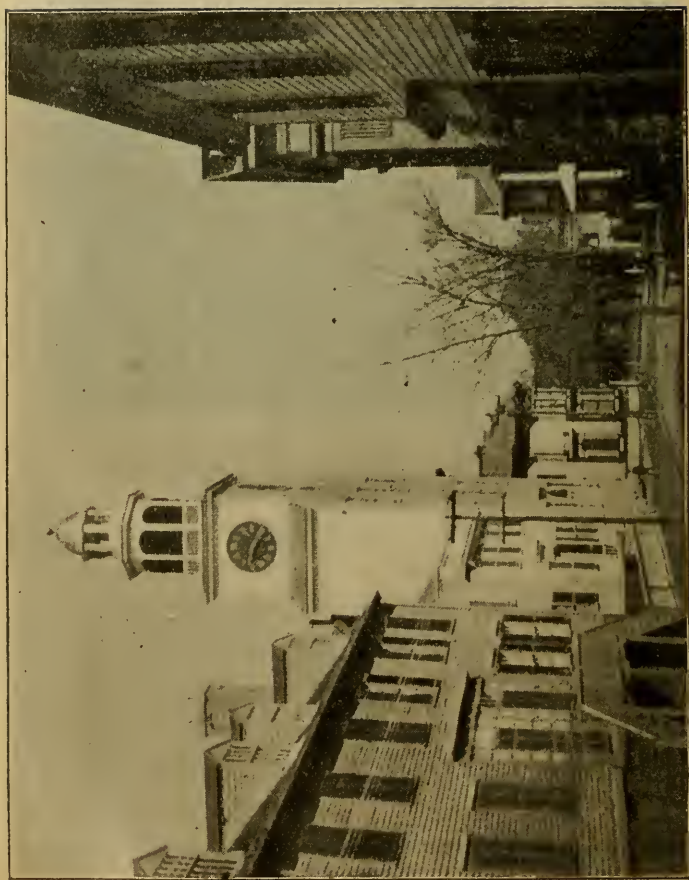
Thursday, 9 a. m., Holy Communion. Friday at 9 a. m., Morning Prayer and Litany. 7.30 Evening Prayer and Litany. Saturday at 3 p. m., Bible class. Holy Days, Communion



*Methodist Church, Centre Street.*

at 9 a. m. 4 p. m., Evening Prayers. Seats are free to all.

The drives of Nantucket appeal to the lover of nature, appreciators of nature's handiwork, and in fact to all who desire to observe the past and present events of the island which are brought panoramically to view on an excursion ride about the island. Instructing the driver to note such places of interest as may be passed, the tourist takes his seat and as the carriage rolls on he cannot help noticing the houses. Some are shingled, while others look as if the shingles were blown on, in the course of



*Unitarian Church, Orange Street.*



*Catholic Church, Federal Street.*

some fierce gale. The wholesale disregard for architectural beauty is not regretted, for either the efforts of the local sons of toil, else the erratic elements of the universe have made them what an artist could not—uniquely interesting. As the drive progresses the Old Colored Baptist Church on York street is observable. The church is not used to any extent. Once in a while, Mr. Crawford, a colored preacher from the South reads sermons.

Further on the Portuguese hall on Fayette street is pointed out. One's first impression, before being informed as to its use, would



*Episcopal Church, Fair Street.*

be that it was a deserted workshop, rather than a resort patronized by trippers of the light fantastic toe.

Driving along the state road, the view ahead gives the traveller an idea of the "hilly" road to be traversed. They seem to rise to a surprising attitude and meet the sky in the distance. Wide expanses of undulated, uncultivated land, except in the far distance the cloudy shadows of a farmhouse, is being quickly passed. The cool, refreshing air sweeps over these lands, catching the fragrance of its wild horticultural growths and surrounding the traveller



in the midst of its sweetness. When about 3 miles out on the road toward 'Sconset, 'way over to the right toward South Pasture is the land where the prairie dog reigns monarch of all he surveys. These lithe animals were first brought to the island by a well-known cigarette manufacturer. There were but six of them at the time, but now the pasture is overrun by the destructive beasts who have virtually undermined the whole district. Some of them may be seen at Tom Never's head, but as a rule they are confined to the South Pasture. Agricultural pursuits here were once successful but the prairie dog, has ruined it effectually. It is not an easy task to shoot a prairie dog, as the only possible manner to reach him is by a long distance rifle. The holes that they burrow are a haven of rest and refuge to them.

The air on these early morning drives is delicious; its subtle exhilaration, poetic. Rambling along, another hill the same in structure as its predecessor, again rises up to meet the sky, in its radiance of early morn. The bicycle road runs close to the telegraph poles and the steady stream of riders that pass by show how much they enjoy the efforts of the Weweeder Club to furnish good bicycling.

After leaving the state road the old streets are resorted to. To say that they are unique, would be putting it mild. At a first glance they resemble "elongated dome-shaped mounds," or, perhaps, more comprehensively, a potato patch on a large scale. As the driver approaches one of these moundy roads, with the skill of a skipper, he so drives that the wheels fit into the excavations. Once in you can't get out.

Scrub oaks are encountered until the next phase in the shape of another road turns up. Looking ahead its structural design resembles in its multiplicity of roads, a miniature park. 'Sconset is now about 2 1-2 miles off. The driver then informs the tourist that at Sancoty Head Light and Tom Never's Head are arrangements that, in event of a wreck, the crew may go there, and find shelter, also a stove and plenty of wood and coal to warm themselves. Hummock Pond, Great Neck, Tuckernuck and The Cliffs, also have equal facilities and with the exception of Tom Never's Head, are always open. These stations are under the supervision of the Humane Society and are supplied with boats, gun-cart, with shooting line, by which arrangement a line is conveyed to a wreck and towed ashore.



*Sea Cliff Inn,*

Several small streams are also passed that empty into Tom Never's Pond.

About in this vicinity is a small body of water, used principally to water horses, it is protected from the road by a small white fence. Several years ago when a well known captain pursued the vocation of showing visitors the curiosities of 'Sconset, it is related that he would take parties of young ladies and gentlemen out here and stopping by this pond, tell them of the wonderful curative property the water possessed for corns, and with what childish innocence and simplicity they would paddle about in the old pond!

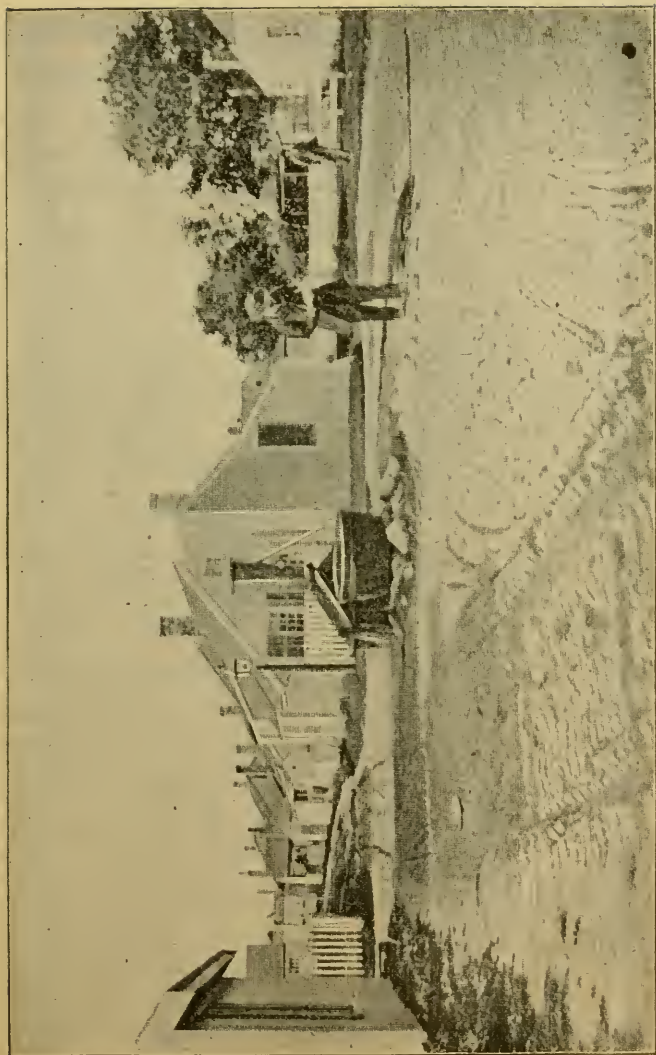
Arrived at 'Sconset town, no better moments could be utilized than in a conversation with one of the oldest residents on the island to-day, a lineal descendant from the famous Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. His version of the institution of the town pump, which is one of the novelties of 'Sconset, is: Years ago when Nantucket was in its prime as a fishing port, the residents secured their water from a mammoth hogshead. As the prosperity of the town became manifest a well was deemed a necessity and, accordingly, at about the close of the Revolutionary War the pump was bought and paid for by subscription in pounds, shillings and pence, amounting to, in American coin, about \$140.

The Macy's, Coffin's and Starbuck's were the agitators that secured the town pump.

In '76 a gala time was had in celebration of its hundredth anniversary.

To-day the pump performs its function quite as well as the day it was made; but its workings are somewhat more varied. As the handle goes down the snout jumps up to meet it and from out, comes forth a clear sparkling liquid, that is the pride of 'Sconset.

Siasconset, or as locally termed, 'Sconset, the pride of the Islanders, the Mecca of the



*Town Pump, Siscouet.*

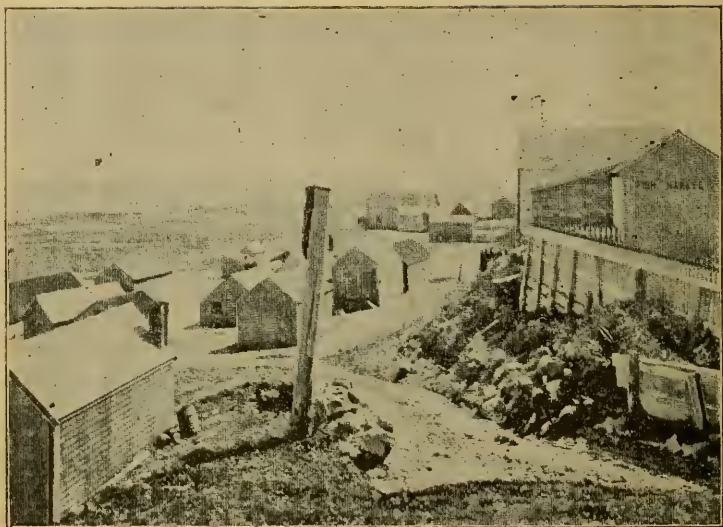


merchant and paradise of all, is situated with a calm face to the eastern pranks of the Atlantic, where, if coolness and purity there be contained in the wild winds of the universe, this dear spot of an Isle has it. The grass paved streets of the dimensions of side-walks, might lead a stranger to think that teams never traveled in some of these queer lanes. Upon the cottages, over the doors, busts and figures which once, probably graced some ill-fated ship, are seen. Sections of whale-bones, resembling the scythe of grim old Death, adorn the sides and an occasional whale's jaw decorates some dilapidated shanty. The shanties, themselves, look as if they were thrown together by the waves, shingled in a spurt of delirium and propped up by seaweed. The course of the streets must have been laid out by the ocean and the structures planted thereon. As one passes one of these "cottages" he would not find it a great exertion to touch the roof. The paths that masquerade under the guise of streets in which the old houses predominate, give a fair impression of their antiquity. Sometimes the elements play havoc with these structures. Quite a number of years ago, during a heavy storm, an inroad was made upon the bank that ser-

iously threatened to demolish the houses that perched upon its brink. They were subsequently moved backward. The streets are laid out in a peculiar way; running along smoothly for a while, only to be brought to a sudden termination into the shape of another which winds after the manner of a cork-screw path.

The architecture of the abodes savors of the uncertain ages when dark and curious magic prevailed. Walls, windows and door frames appear, like unto the waves of the Atlantic, rising, swaying and sagging, yet keeping together, thus making a room.

The navigation to the attic is attempted by a ladder-like apparatus, which trembles with old age. On the walls are caricatures presumably representing some pictorial happening at one time or another but to the unenlightened they resemble Chinese writing. Antique furniture, the legs and feet of which resemble the extremities of some monster of the deep; crockery that resembles hob-goblins, and cooking utensils that would make a South Sea islander envious, are prominent features of the dining-rooms. Now and then, the iron crane still swings in an ancient fireplace and on it are hung the kettles for cooking the daily meals of the inmates.



*Fishermen's Houses, Siasconset.*

At the time of the revolution, 'Sconset had been prominently identified with the whale-fishery, but now, of course, nothing but the memory of those by-gone days remain. In the year 1840 there were billiard rooms and bowling alleys at 'Sconset; they, too, being a relic of the past. The whims and oddities of the proprietors of the cottages are manifested by the curious inscriptions that adorn the cottages. "Dew Drop In," is evidently the mode of invitation adopted by some wearied being to obtain spontaneous relief from the monotony of wad-

ing about. In the "N-yum N-yum Hut," it is quite certain some matrimonial craft was first sailed upon the hymeneal sea. "Waunachmack Lodge," while evidently a name of some past chief, is seriously apt to prevent speech entirely, in pronouncing it. "Castle Band-Box" is suggestive of a "bundle of fun." "Sunny Side" apparently the property of a hale and hearty lover of dame nature's best moments, deserves its name. In the "Paradise," we expect, are scenes of comfort and enjoyment that places this house among one of the seventh heavens. The "Parsonage," it is quite evident, results from some worthy young man, who, knowing that parsons were conspicuous by their absence, worthily erected this structure as a memento of the "reverend gentlemen." "K. K." or "Kauphin Kottage," portrays truly the coffins that buried Kings and Emperors before the advent of Adam and Eve.

It is a common saying about 'Sconset that gay young Lotharios may find many hearts to woo in abundance and while there is no intention of the town to constitute themselves as messengers to Cupid, the fact nevertheless remains that fair maidens abound in great numbers, whose only pastime is in the composition of billetdoux to some sweetheart in a far away land.



*Atlantic House, Siasconset.*

Thus man is not to be despised. He is, in fact, a veritable prize, and who says not a winner !

Informal entertainments are given at frequent intervals by the young element in command and here the terpsichorean art is easily exemplified, for what young man can resist the temptation to manifest his most equable glide wherever the battlefield may be, to his fair partner.

The cool refreshing atmosphere augments his gracefulness and if he should make a suc-



cessful debut it is truly owing to the effects of 'Sconset ozone.

The town has two commodious hotels, the Atlantic and the Ocean View. They are within a short distance of fine surf bathing, where the broad beach makes an attractive and safe resort for children.

It required nearly the passing of two centuries to give 'Sconset the honor of a post village. For many moons the only means of receiving mail was through the agency of the Nantucket post office, which would send such occasional mail matter as arrived for 'Sconset by a traveller who was destined in that direction. Capt. Baxter, who died several years ago, was entrusted with the duty of conveying mail between 'Sconset and Nantucket, for which the generous recipients presented him one cent for each letter or paper received. For an errand five cents was the remuneration, larger duties being paid proportionately. As the prosperity of the town increased the Captain's old house near the depot was converted into the post office. It was not an office authorized by the postal authorities and when the old Captain in his quaint simplicity hung out a shingle entitled "Post Office," some recalcitrant person informed the government

officials and an investigation was begun at once.

At Washington quite a commotion followed the receipt of the news. Who had the audacity to assume the duties of the United States without authority? Government inspectors were detailed in haste to inquire into the affair and for a time matters looked a little gloomy for the future of the good old Captain. He emerged from his predicament, however, and shortly afterwards the office was duly made an agency of the authorized postal system. The mail service is now furnished twice a day.

The collection of old crockery in the "China Closet," the summer residence of Mr. Underhill at 'Sconset, came from very many families, mainly those of New England, though some pieces belonged to others in New York and New Jersey. It is chiefly English ware and much of it old Staffordshire, where the bulk of English crockery was made. There are a few pieces of old Dutch Delft and some of English Delft, made at Lambeth. Except the pieces that Mr. Underhill uses on his table, scarce any is less than fifty years old. Very much of it is from seventy-five to one hundred, some pieces at least one hundred and fifty, and one, the oldest piece, a pitcher of old Crouch ware,

is nearing the ripe old age of two hundred. There are many pieces of dark flowing blue, mainly the manufacture of Enoch Wood and his sons, (at Burslem,) Adams, Clews, Hall, Stevenson and others.

The collection is rich in historical and scenic pieces. There are plates depicting McDonough's victory on Lake Champlain; Penn's treaty with the Indians; the Erie Canal at Buffalo; the residence of Lafayette at Chateau Lagrange, in France; Liverpool; Table Rock at Niagara; the Falls of Montmorency near Quebec; the palace of Saint Germain; Troy from Mount Ida; two views of the Fairmount Water Works and a view of the public library in Philadelphia; a view of the Hudson at Old Fort Montgomery; two views of the City Hall of New York; the Pilgrim Plate, made to commemorate the bi-centennial celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims; the Octagon Church in Boston; the United States Marine Hospital at Louisville, Ky.; Transylvania University at Lexington, Ky.; the old Nahant House, near Boston, on the site of which is the present residence of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge; the Millennium plate; the Pittsfield plate; the Cadmur's plate; the Catskill Mountain House; the Park Theatre; Harvard College; and five of the series of Dr. Syntax.

Among the platters are two views of Regent Street London. A fine specimen of old Spode ; a view of Dublin Bay ; one of old Lowestoft with the monogram of DeWitt Clinton ; Pittsburg, showing the early steamboat navigation on the Ohio.

Of pitchers, are one to commemorate the marriage of the Prince of Wales ; a large specimen of Liverpool ware, with thirteen stars on American Flag, showing that it must have been made previous to 1791, in which year Vermont, the fourteenth state was admitted ; splendid specimen of old silver lustre ; a fine yellow Minton ; the Franklin bowl and pitcher, with the philosopher flying the kite and attracting the lightning ; a mug to commemorate the coronation of Queen Victoria ; a pitcher with Lafayette at the tomb of Franklin ; the Queen Caroline pitcher, made at the time of her trial before the house of Lords, with a portrait of the Queen, made in alto relievo, and the inscription "Success to Queen Caroline" ; the Decatur and Lawrence pitcher, with portraits of those two naval heroes, at the last war with Great Britain. There are cups and saucers galore. One made at the period of the death of John Wesley in 1791. There are many specimens of rich pink, copper and silver lustre ware in

beautiful designs, made fully a century ago. A fine array of old teapots, mostly English, but some French; a punch bowl commemorating the building of the iron bridge over the River Wear, opened in 1796; various styles of soup tureens, one a reminiscence of the late Mexican War.

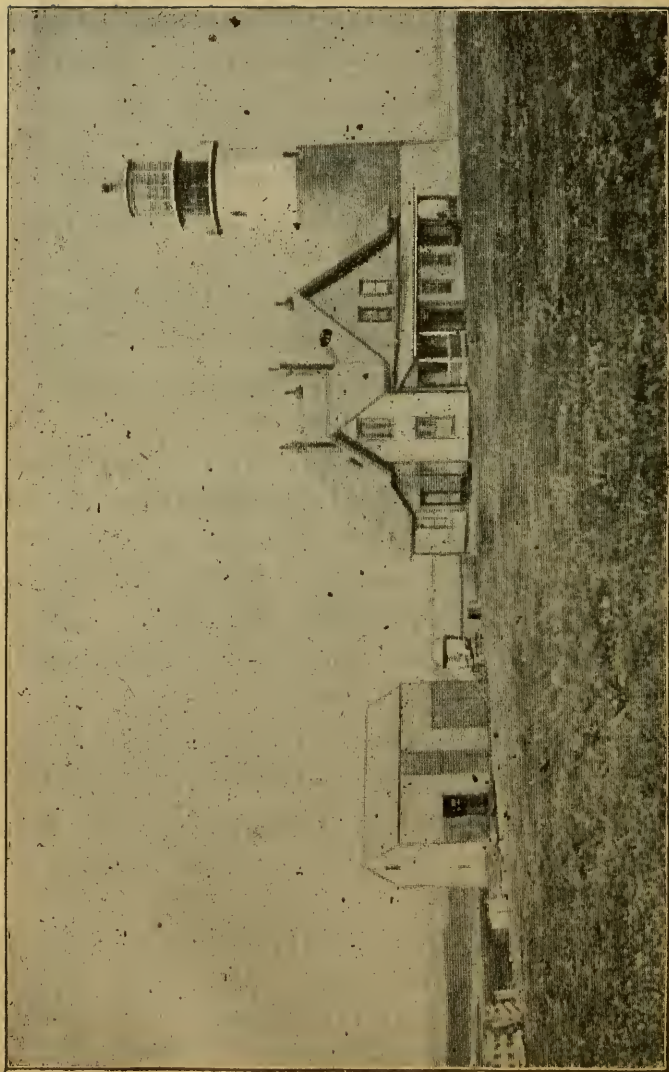
There are also specimens of early decoration, crude and even uncouth, which look more like the drawings of children than persons employed to do artistic work.

Several specimens of the earliest imprint of line engraving upon crockery made after 1750, the year in which the art was discovered. Some beautiful specimens of Newhall ware; a Fulham mug of the time of George II, and a little creamer with a view of the Catskill Mountains.

Turning again to the scenery, the wild flowers are very attractive. On Great Point, the wild or yellow cactus flourishes quite well and is the only place where it is said to be seen in New England.

The Scotch Heather exists in two or three different parts of the island. How the flower ever happened to get on the island is somewhat of a mystery.





*Sankaty Light.*

Mr. Isaac Hills told the writer that it was generally supposed that the seed had been brought over from Scotland along with some Scotch pines, hence its growth. The existence of the Heather on the island is a "State" secret and is known to but a few.

The genuine Irish thorn also grows here, having been brought over by the father of the famous lawyer, Mr. John O'Connell.

Sankaty Light should next be viewed. About 30 miles out at sea from here is situated the ship that warns boats and steamers of the proximity of rocks, shoals and other dangers obstructing safe passage. On this boat the men stay for ten months at a time. They receive and deliver their mail queerly. A bundle of newspapers is the means of their receiving mail from the pilot. To send their answers, a letter is tied to a piece of coal; to the coal a stick of wood is attached by a string. Then taking the stick in hand, the sailor throws it out, the weight of the coal bringing it successfully to its destination.

The pay of the sailors is very small, yet the writer never viewed a more cheerful or comfortable home than that of a former mate of the ship, now the keeper of the lighthouse.

The bicycling at Nantucket is excellent despite the decision of the L. A. W. The Weedee Club composed of the bicyclists of Nantucket, in number about 50, have been exerting all their energy toward establishing good bicycle roads and have succeeded in arranging a circuitous route that proves a most enjoyable ride. A number of illustrated lectures were given by a gentleman sympathizing with their cause who donated the proceeds to the club, they, in turn, used it to good effect by improving the bicycle roads.

Among enjoyable routes are : along the State Road to 'Sconset; then Pleasant street to Surfside. Another which embraces a wide strip across the island and connects the Maddequet Road with the Cliff Road. This road is a "cinder path."

It is picturesque to observe the yachts in the harbor. This yacht fleet that excites the admiration of the sportsmen cannot be equaled on the coast. As sea boats they cannot be matched. They weigh about from five to ten tons and if required could make a long and hard journey. New York yachts are in the majority.

Excellent advantages are afforded the bather, whether he wants hot water, cold water, or

surfside bathing. If surf bathing is desired, a trip should be taken over to 'Sconset or Wauwinet where all that is desired may be obtained free of charge.

The Cliffs, locally known as the "White City" are much frequented by bathers. A boat leaves North Wharf quite frequently carrying passengers to the Cliffs. In the morning a barge makes a tour of the hotels and anyone desiring to go to the "White City" has but to enter the conveyance.

There is an abundance of fishing, which, in fact, is noted far and wide, to be had and with proper discretion the sportsman may be able to tell his friends some very feasible stories after a day with the hook and line in hand. Some five or six years ago whales were caught off the Island, but as they are a little out of the line of the tourist, Sachacha Pond is recommended as the best pond to find the silver perch while the much desired blue fish besports himself along the south shore but may be encountered more plentifully at Great Point about the middle of the month of June. Tuckernuck also furnishes sport in the way of bluefish. If bass are wanted their abode will be found on the shoals in August.

Tom Never's Head, on the southeast coast furnishes an abundance of pickerel. Miacommet Pond has good fishing for those who want white perch. At Hummock Pond plenty of perch abound except at the head where yellow eels and herrings exist.

As a whole fishing may be found anywhere on the Island, especially in Nantucket Harbor.

The hunter can find plenty of material to while away spare moments in bird, rabbit, and, allow us to suggest, prairie dog hunting, (this by special request of the natives.)

The Golden Plover was accustomed to frequent the Island in great numbers but now the bird has either changed its flight or is becoming exterminated, for there are very few sighted nowadays. About ten years ago W. Meggs, noted as a life-saver, made the record for 20 years, by bagging 124 of the plover in one day.

In the fall, The Greater and Lesser Yellow-leg, the English snipe, red breast snipe, ring neck and smaller birds are to be found about the land.

Wauwinet is especially good ground for bagging rabbits; they are found too, in plenty at various points of the Island.

Fox hunting was at one time an amusement but for five years or more none have been seen.





*Landing a Codfish off 'Sconset.*

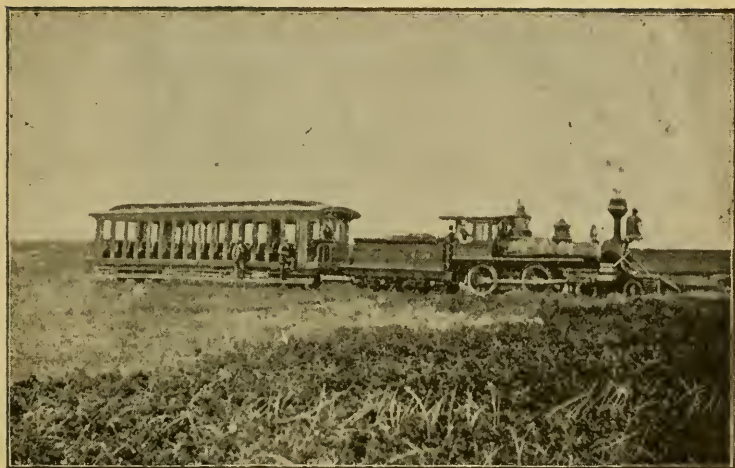
It is supposed that the last one was killed on the west side of Hummock Pond.

Wauwinet, the charming resort, which bears the name of a once mighty red-skin chief, has its chief charms in fishing. Its bathing facilities and its shore dinners are unrivalled. On a nice day a sail on the steamboat "Lillian" which leaves the wharf at 9 and 2 o'clock or else the steamer "Coskata" if one prefers, are delightful trips. The fare is but 20 cents each way.

The "Haulover," (so called by reason of fishermen drawing their boats across it,) which is identified more or less with Wauwinet was a narrow strip of land that is now supplanted by a channel. It was during a sudden storm in 1896 that it was broken through. The opening now is very convenient for fishing purposes.

The 'Sconset railroad, one of the sights not to be neglected, has its station convenient for leaving and receiving passengers near the wharf.

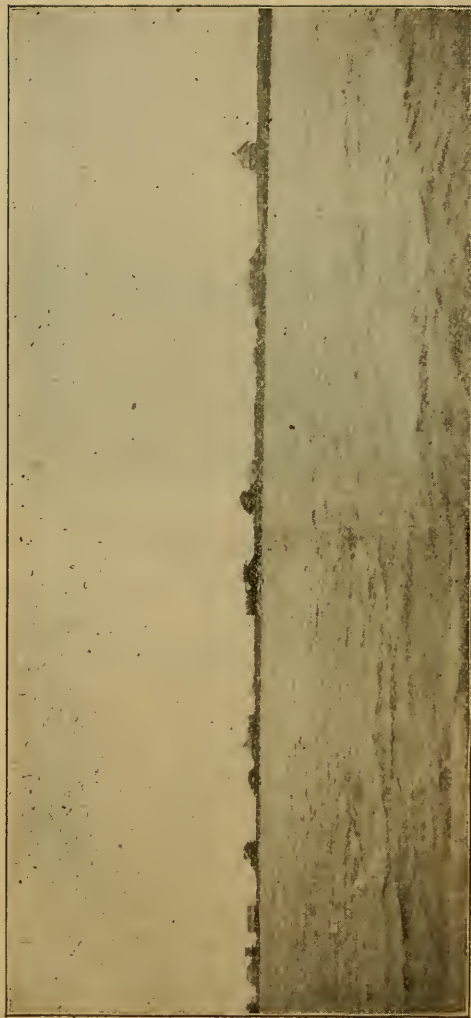
Its track, which at a glance might unintentionally be mistaken for a new invention to propogate tricycles, is in truth quite equal to the task of meeting the requirements of the 'Sconset express.



*Nantucket & Siasconset Railroad.*

The machine that leads the express is one that would be charitable to suppose was built in the dark ages and had never seen light 'till now.

It is a veritable miniature sarcophagus, lots of chimney and plenty of groans as it wearily pursues its daily route. From exterior appearances one would judge it to be a relic and it is a wonder that 'tis not chopped into souvenirs ere now. On the cars the sign forbidding passengers to stand on the platform is apparently done by the owners who are afraid of losing their patrons as they whiz (?) towards 'Sconset.



*Wauwinet from Harbor.*

A curious fact about the railroad is, during the winter, the water flows at times over the "express" route and, of course, as sand constitutes the only support given the rails, a general break-up of the railroad is in order each year. This is touched up again when the proper season arrives and the "express" covers the ground in its characteristic moves, and contortions fearlessly.

The proprietors do not consider it necessary to lay spiles against the banking thereby eliminating the effect of the water, else it is intended to have the same wavy motion for the express on its journey, as for the clipper on the briny deep.

As the shoals that so characterize Sankaty are observed, the beholders can readily imagine the wrecks of noble boats that have taken place upon her shores.

Not more than 200 yards from 'Sconset is sunk the noble vessel that carried 23 men to a watery grave. The sinking of this vessel in a certain position gives rise to a theory that accounts for the changing of the "Rip." The Asia sunk but a year ago and all aboard were lost. This accident happened on the Rose and Crown where if a vessel once reaches, there is no earthly help.



The "H. B. Kirkham" was a new vessel. Its captain had retired from sea life and instead of purchasing a cottage bought this boat, a fine vessel. He left his wife in Portland to go overland to meet him while he started out to journey in his boat.

When he started all was fine, but soon snow squalls appeared and he got 10 miles out of the course. Thinking that he had his calculations aright he squared off wrong and ran on the shoals. Acting on the impulse of the moment he dashed into a stateroom, got a mattress and saturating it with oil carried it into the rigging. Then he set it afire.

The light house keeper saw his signal and telling his crew of the predicament of the vessel, they were tumbled out of bed to go to its assistance. They rowed out and by day light were at Bass Point, 4 miles away, but nothing was in sight. The keeper was persistent though and refused to abandon the search. They rowed further on and as daylight gave them better vision, the vessel's mast was seen sticking out of the water and in the rigging or poop deck were the men aboard. A line was thrown to them after which securing, they became wild with eagerness to get off, losing self possession and endangering the life savers.

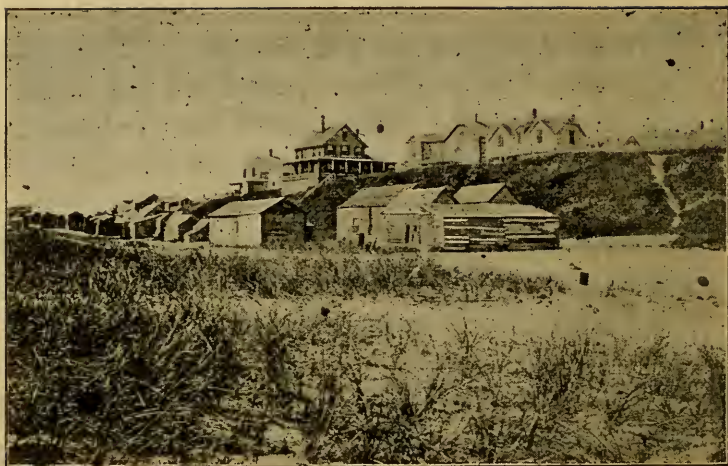
They were told that if they hauled the boat further the line would be cut. This threat quieted them and they were then taken aboard the boat and the crew pulled for the light ship. Fifteen minutes later it was out of sight, sunk beneath the waves.

The crew pulled for Sankaty Light. They had tide, wind and current to pull against. All night they kept heroically at work. At daylight they were 10 miles off the Island. They finally landed with ten men badly frozen. For about 23 hours they had fearlessly fought and finally conquered. As a testimonial of the appreciation of their heroism they were granted an increase in pay.

The town pays for the care of the poor unfortunates who become wrecked on the coast.

Westward of the Island is Tuckernuck. As a summer resort for hunting and fishing it is considerably frequented. As a social institution, it is not vouched for. A story is in vogue that a native one day upon being asked who the President of the United States was, replied, "Don't know, but turnips are 50 cents a bushel."

The population of the island does not exceed 25, who sustain existence by farming and



*Beach at Siasconset.*

fishing. There is excellent duck shooting on this island.

The cemeteries, many of which bear a tombstone as quaint and simple as were the citizens themselves in years ago, are places of general interest. They are as follows: The Friends,' at head of Main street; The Catholics', on Prospect street; The Unitarian, on Prospect street; Colored and South, just outside western part of town; The North is on North Liberty street.

Devlin's Cottage is a unique and pretty little structure out Maddequet way that is frequent-

ed by the friends of Mr. Devlin, mostly drummers. It is situated from out the cynosure of other domiciles and is a veritable haven of rest and sport to its "habitués." An arch like gate, setting out about a hundred yards from the cottage, precludes the entrance of a team unless opened by a switch known to the driver. Inside, the cottage possesses all the comforts of a home and here, should the host so desire, can be spread an inimitable repast. The walls are prettily and artistically decorated with attractive designs. By ascending a miniature stair case the visitor finds a cozy little boudoir from the window of which a very pretty stretch of country can be viewed. The front of the domicile is graced with an American Shield, behind which is a cupola.

Inside the Nantucket Historical Association Building, which occupies the site of the old Quaker church are curios from far and wide.

For the last two or three years the society has been much hampered by the limited space afforded to arrange the articles of the exhibit. The room is already over-crowded.

Valuable manuscripts are constantly increasing, as are particularly interesting specimens of antique furniture.

Arranged on every hand some species of curiosity confronts the visitor upon entering the hall.

A curious square shaped stone, scooped out like a basin represents the means at one time adopted by Nantucketers to sterilize water. The stone is porous and is a perfect filterer. Old fashioned flax and spinning wheels recall memories of the days of yore. The portrait of Old William Ray, a town crier, who was succeeded by Mr. Hull, adorn's space on the wall as does that of William Hosier, the last Quaker on the Island. A handle torn from the drawer of the Spanish cruiser "Vizcaya" beside which is a button worn by a soldier who served under Admiral Cervera, and a Spanish drinking cup awaken the incidents of the late war. Cradles, that in comparison with the modern ones of to-day, are queer objects to gaze upon, lay on the floor. Paintings, artistic feats of needle work, and an unlimited array of antique relics lie about.

Another object of interest that is frequently encountered almost everywhere on the Island is the Nantucketer's favorite carriage.

This vehicle as it plows through the streets, to all outward appearances resembles a tip-cart set on four springs, and propelled by arm-



like springs. The fossilated quadrupeds that frequently carry it over the prescribed course are evidently galvanized up for the occasion and skate along on strictly scientific principles. In these rigs one may often meet the old settlers making visits.

The aristocratic element who patronize the Island in the summer have converted the model of these queer street crafts into very stylish vehicles.

The golf links of Nantucket are superb. They are 18 hole links and their equal is not to be found in this country.

Laying just outside the water works they cover a large tract of carefully prepared ground. Great care is taken to preserve the grounds and in the summer season they are the scene of many a fashionable fete.

Every Saturday afternoon, an informal reception or tea is held on the grounds. It is one of the social functions of the season. To this scene flock visitors by the thousand, and the array of carriages upon the ground portray much more efficaciously than can words, the popularity of these links. Nearly every team in the town is utilized on the days of these receptions, to convey spectators to the scene.

The Old Mill, which has for years been a

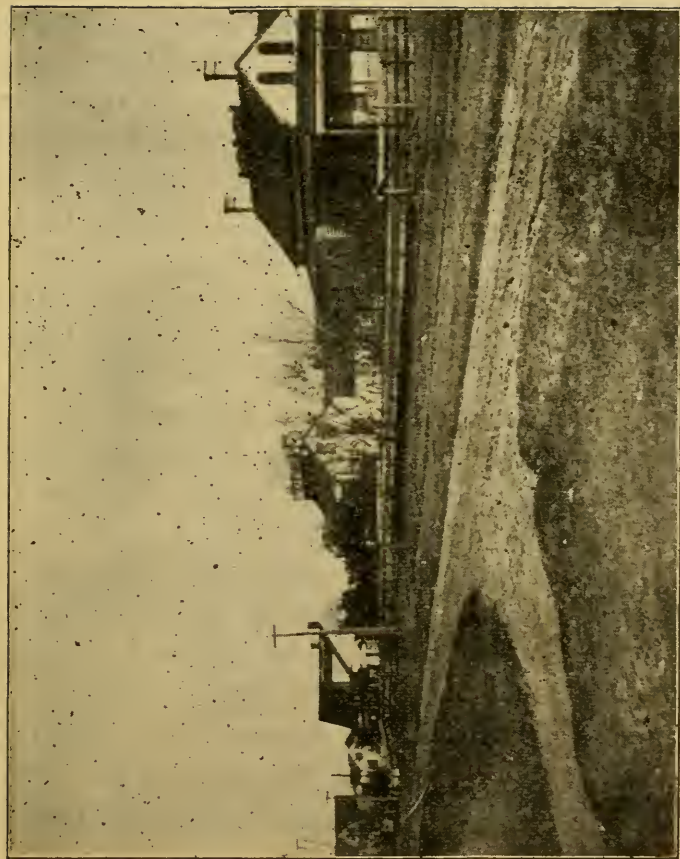
feature of the town's antiquity was auctioned off by its former owner, Mr. Sylvia, to The Nantucket Historical Association for a very small sum of money. The sale took place in 1897 and was attended by one of the largest crowds in the annals of the town.

The old mill today is as fully prepared to grind corn as in its palmyest days. In order to perform this work, though, it would be necessary to affix large sails to the fans.

The astronomical clock made by Walter Folger is a wonderful piece of scientific workmanship. It records with undeviating accuracy the day of the week, rising of the sun, of the moon, and the position of the same on the ecliptic, are recorded. The clock was made by Folger in 1788, at the age of 23.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on which is inscribed the names of seventy four of Nantucket's sons, good and true, stands on Main street. The erection of this monument approximated a cost of five thousand dollars.

Among the modern improvements which the town has acquired, with the progress of time, is electric light service. The station sets in back of the Springfield House and dispenses both arc and incandescent light.



*Main Street, Siasconset.*

The Custom House is in the business part of the village and occupies the building owned by the Pacific Club. This institution supports the collector of ports at the munificent salary of 62 cents per day. The bulk of this functionaries duties is the making out of blank forms required by the red tape system of the government. The weather bureau is also stationed in the same building.

The last man of the Quaker race lived quietly and unostentiously among his fellow citizens apparently just ekeing out a comfortable existence. He had conducted a hardware store on Federal street during his life time, and, even if he did make pretty good profits, no one believed he layed away much lucre.

The surprise of the town people then can be easily surmised when it was found, upon his death that his estate inventoried at about \$50,000. Of this goodly sum, he gave all, except a bequest of \$15,000, to charitable institutions. He gave the town a most desirable site of land on Federal street and suggested that it be used for a town hall.

During the summer season, a ticket agent may be found at Congdan's pharmacy, who can furnish tickets for any point on the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford

Railroad and the Fall River boats. Baggage can be checked here, and in short, the facilities of a general ticket agency is offered.

Sometimes a stranger is naturally moved to ask whether or not Billy Clark receives any reimbursement for his services in the tower. On this solution hangs a tale.

More possibly the reader will smile with incredulity when it is said that "Billy" has two birthdays. 'Tis so, however.

The sharp blasts of a horn that announces an incoming ship, is "Billy's" self endowed vocation. For this service he received no compensation whatever, except the birthdays. Twice a year it is his custom to approach some local well-to-do man and say:—"This is Billy's birthday," which is generally made a happy one by the present of a dollar. To his more fashionable friends "Billy" issues cards and their responses are generally of a satisfactory nature.

That "Billy" is a hustler is apparent; that he is honest, no one can doubt, after hearing of his dealings with the Boston Herald. "Billy" was their newsboy. The local postmaster one morning received a communication



from the Herald asking who "Billy" Clark was and stating that they had \$165. to his credit. It appears that "Billy" had neglected to deduct his own salary, and had sent to the newspaper all he received.



## *Martha's Vineyard.*

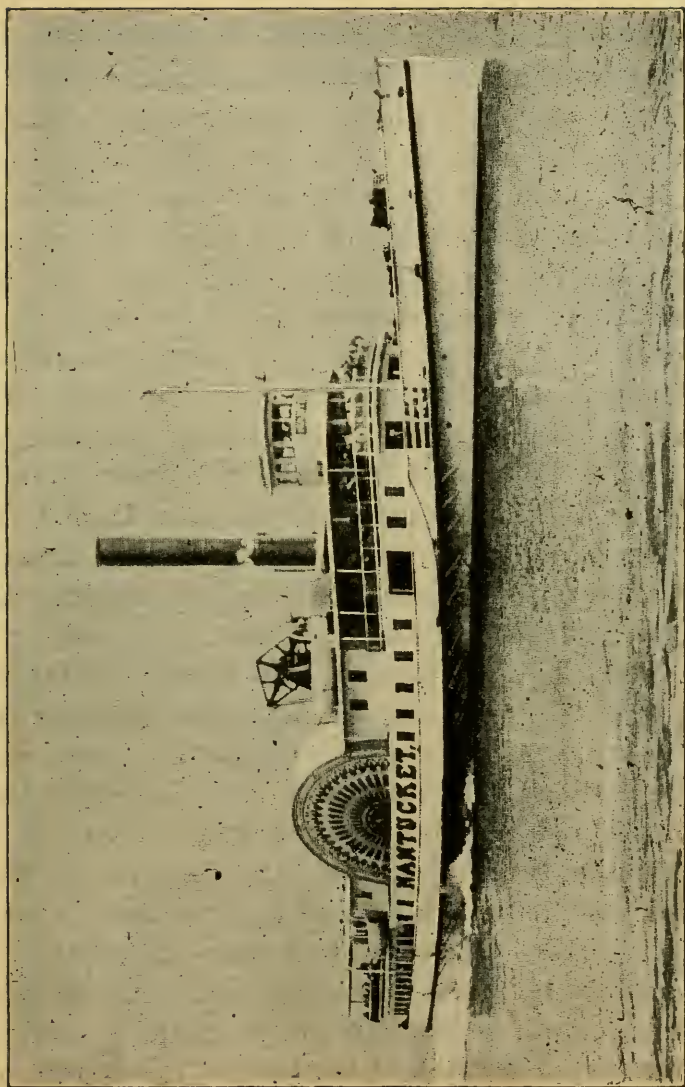


**I**N the spring season of the year 1602 Captain Bartholomew Gosnold engaged in a cruise in Northern Atlantic waters, along the coasts of that section of country which afterwards became known as New England. In the course of this cruise—or of these explorations, for such they were—Gosnold made several landfalls upon different portions of the coasts, making his mark upon many of these points in the way of names for their localities, which in many instances have remained distinctive of them ever since.

It was in the course of these explorations that this navigator discovered the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. In reality, the first landing which Gosnold made hereabouts was upon a small island now known as No Man's Land, lying on the south coast of the larger island; and it was to this islet that

he first applied the name of Martha's Vineyard, although it was at that time but little better than a barren sand heap, with few natural attractions of any kind, and certainly with none which would justify the somewhat pretentious name of "Vineyard."

Pursuing his investigations he soon landed upon the larger island, where he found an entirely different state of things, for here he discovered lakes, ponds and streams of purest fresh water, green bushes bearing delicious berries of various kinds, a plentiful tree growth from which descended fruitful vines, and birds and wild animals animating the section. Remaining in the neighborhood at that time about three weeks, before leaving for other parts, he transferred the name Martha's Vineyard from No Man's Land to the larger island; and this name the latter has retained ever since, provoking at various times discussions and apocryphal accounts regarding its origin, which Gosnold's clear narrative ought to have set at rest from the very beginning. As usual, however, the Indians had been beforehand with the white explorers, and their name for this island, even before the energetic Gosnold felt called upon to christen it, was "Capawock."

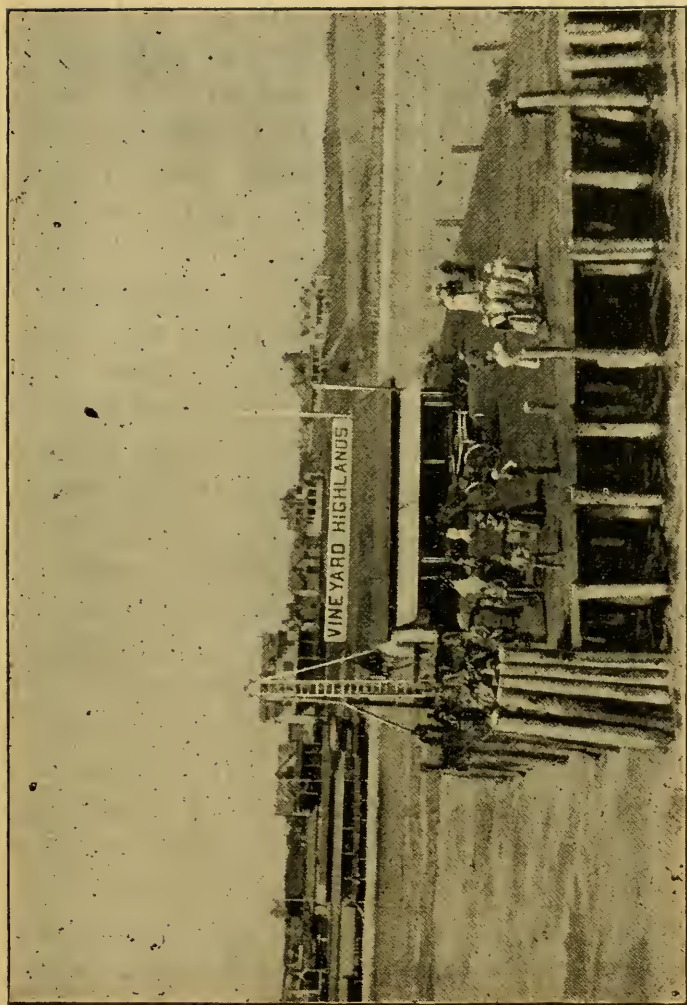


*Steamer Nantucket.*

So much for the original discovery of the islands off South-eastern Massachusetts, which have since become celebrated in so many ways. Belonging by right of discovery to the country out from which the discoverer came, they were all afterwards included in a grant of lands to the Duke of York, and in this way, in the course of time, became connected with New York. At that time they were altogether grouped as "Duke's County." In 1692 they were reannexed to Massachusetts; and in 1695 Martha's Vineyard, with the Elizabeth Islands and No Man's Land, was separated from Nantucket, the Vineyard and the last named islands retaining the name and constituting the limits of the new Duke's County.

The first settlement in this county, so far as is known, was that of Thomas Mayhew at Edgartown in 1642. Undoubtedly, however, the Indians, as was usual in this part of the world, had been beforehand with the whites in peopling these sections. In the War of the Revolution the shipping of these islands was very nearly destroyed, and many of the inhabitants were taken prisoners and suffered long confinement in British prison ships. Aside from these incidental hardships, the course of time has run very smoothly with the Duke's



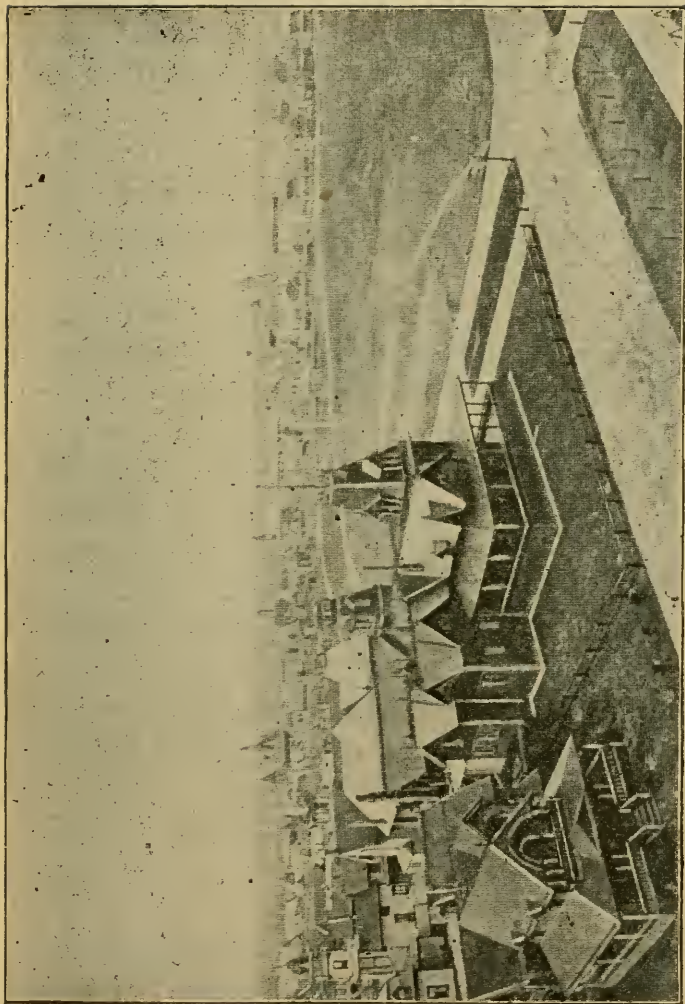


*Highland Landing.*

County islands from the beginning; nor do the changes that have taken place in their communities, population and material interests represent any great increase in the volume of these departments for very many decades past.

Martha's Vineyard lies about eight miles off the southern Cape Cod coast, and is divided from the latter by a "reach" of ocean that forms a natural highway for shipping of every kind, as well as a watery expanse charming through its associations with the most beautiful shore. This celebrated island long since became a noted summering place, and its fame has extended to the uttermost parts of the country. Its connection with one of the most important religious establishments of the land, which since 1835 has utilized its beautiful situations for summer camp-meeting purposes, has also added to its reputation. Without doubt, had not this been the case, the island would have become celebrated as a watering place, its beautiful natural features, ocean surroundings and excellent sanitary conditions rendering it impossible that the place should have been overlooked in the search for summer haunts.

Upon the island of Martha's Vineyard there are five towns—Chilmark, Cottage City, Ed-



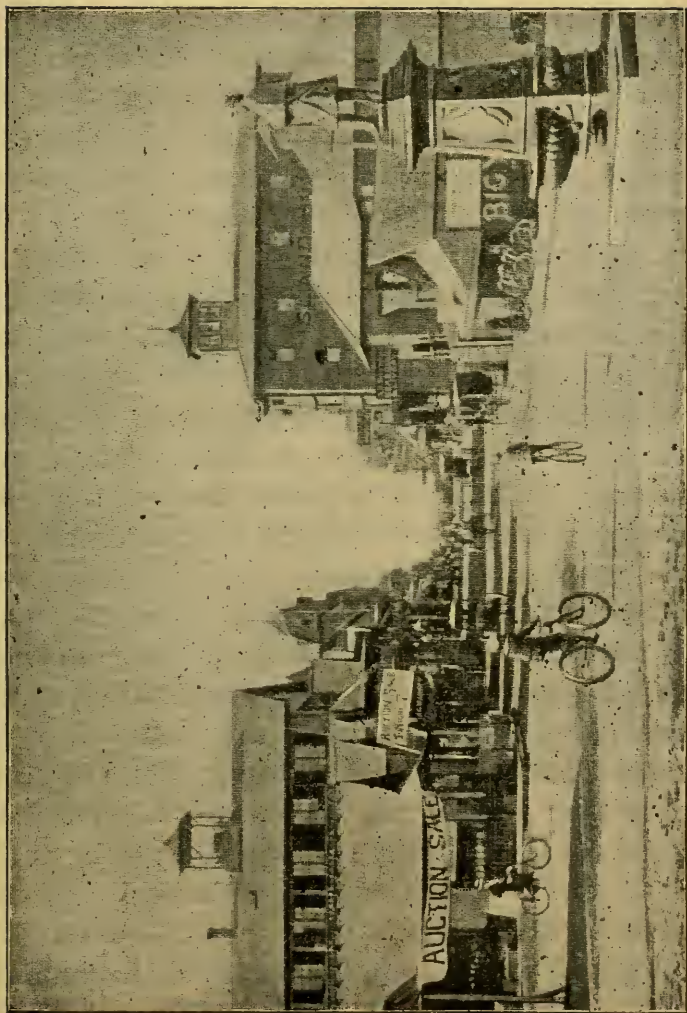
*Birds Eye View of Cottage City.*

gartown, Tisbury and Gay Head. Scattered here and there upon its surface are little hamlets, seldom rising to the dignity of villages even; indeed, Gay Head itself is scarcely more than one of these. The island is upwards of twenty-five miles in length from north to south, and about ten miles wide in its broadest part.

The "Vineyard," as the island is familiarly called, does not differ largely in conformation or physical features from its neighbor, Nantucket; but it has more territory, and, being nearer the mainland, has not that isolated quality which characterizes the last named locality. Some of the most famous roadsteads—Holmes' Hole, Vineyard Sound, etc.—are among its surrounding waters, and its neighboring small islands are fair spots of earth displaying the finest verdure and foliage in the summer months. and inviting always to the delights of camping and exploration.

Whatever of excellence of climate or sanitary conditions any of the localities of this region can boast are enjoyed to the fullest degree on Martha's Vineyard. Owing to the peculiar conformation and the extent of this island it has many natural landing places for shipping; and as a haven for yacht, or in fact





*View up Circuit Avenue,*



any kind of sailing fleets, it has no superior in the Northern Atlantic waters. Its ocean outlooks in every part are of the finest; and for what may be styled purely marine pleasures—boating, sailing and the occupations which arise out of a constant visitation on every side of numberless sea craft—it has no equal on our coasts. Vineyard Haven is a natural harbor of refuge, and here, during head winds or “stress of weather,” hundreds of vessels are sometimes found for days together, awaiting more favorable circumstances, their crews meanwhile helping to make matters lively on shore and materially adding to the numbers of the transient population.

And as the waters round about Martha's Vineyard present the finest and most acceptable highways for yachting and boating, so the gently rolling grounds of the island and its long reaches of level country offer the most excellent drives, the adjuncts of which are peculiar to the place, which almost in every part is in full view of the ocean. Every breeze which prevails here must of necessity be tempered by ocean influences, and the summer winds are deliciously cool and invigorating, even while only a few miles inland on the mainland the most enervating heats are pre-

vailing. The sail from the wharf at Wood's Hole to the landing at the Bluffs is only seven miles of distance, and various points of land lie about on every hand, offering fairest rewards and enjoyments for excursionists, and variety for the enterprising and energetic summer sojourner.

Upon a well chosen and marvellously attractive site of this island exists one of the most wonderful of community centres—Cottage City! This name is descriptive, as far as it goes, but it tells nothing, suggests nothing, of more than one of the distinguishing features of the place—and it has many more noble and significant than that thus revealed.

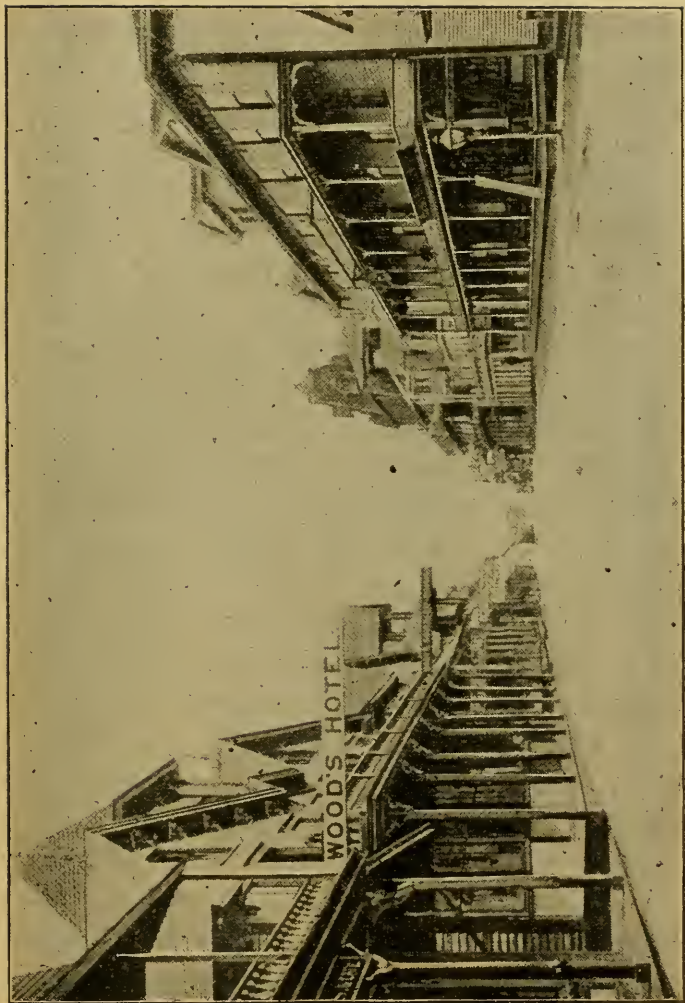
Cottage City has upwards of twelve hundred cottages within its borders. Is there need for further seeking to discover why the place has its peculiar name? These cottages are in every variety and form of design and construction, as they minister to the needs and wants of every grade of society membership. From the lordly palace-cottage, fitted for the occupancy of a millionaire Governor of the Commonwealth, and the ornate, many gabled clubhouse sheltering the representatives of wealth and luxury from many centres, to the humble, tent-roofed cot of the camp-meeting pilgrim,



*Ocean Avenue.*



*Clinton Avenue.*



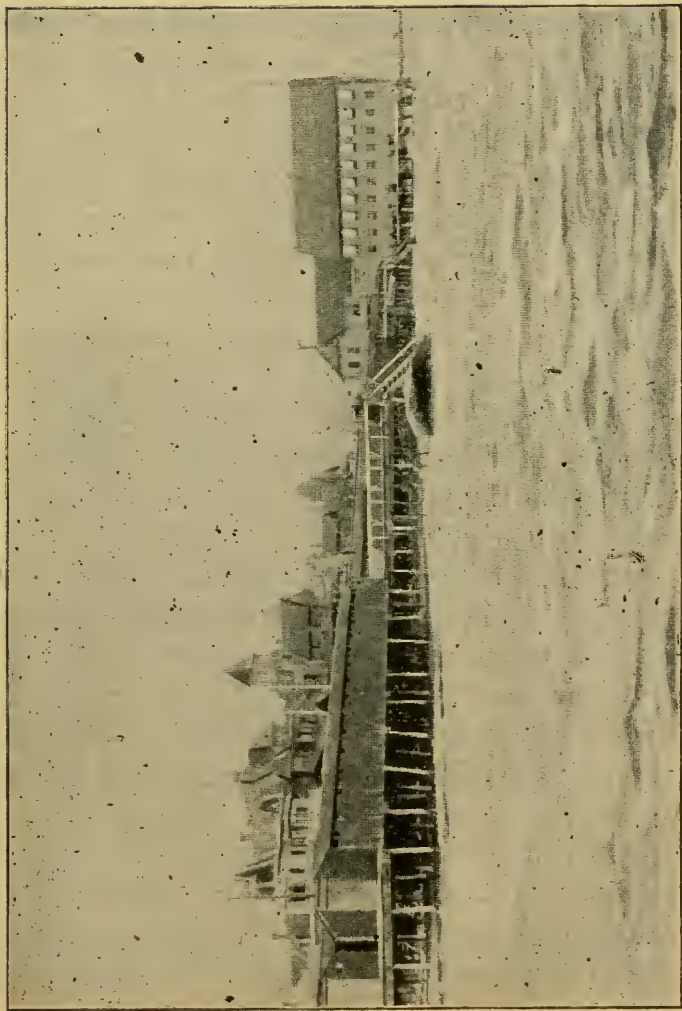
*Circuit Avenue.*

every kind and description of summer dwelling is included within the house provision of Cottage City.

These cottages are planted with a charming disregard of the rules of exact methods and plans. There is all sufficient of orderly arrangement, and but little defiance of common sense and the proprieties as applied to community establishment. Streets and avenues and parks there are in abundance, and these succeed and supplement each other with that sort of regularity that is observable in the older sections of Boston, where, it is said, the original cowpaths of the earlier population were enlarged and developed into city thoroughfares in process of time. In Cottage City there is absolutely nothing of the "checker board" layout, the mathematical precision with regard to the settling of highways, that it may be admitted, constitutes the principal charm of some modern city establishments, that have no other claim to attractiveness or pleasing characteristics.

The compactness of this city by the sea is one of its wonderful characteristics, and yet there is nothing of closeness or crowding attaching to the situation, and thereby aiding the conceit of "city" existence as applied to

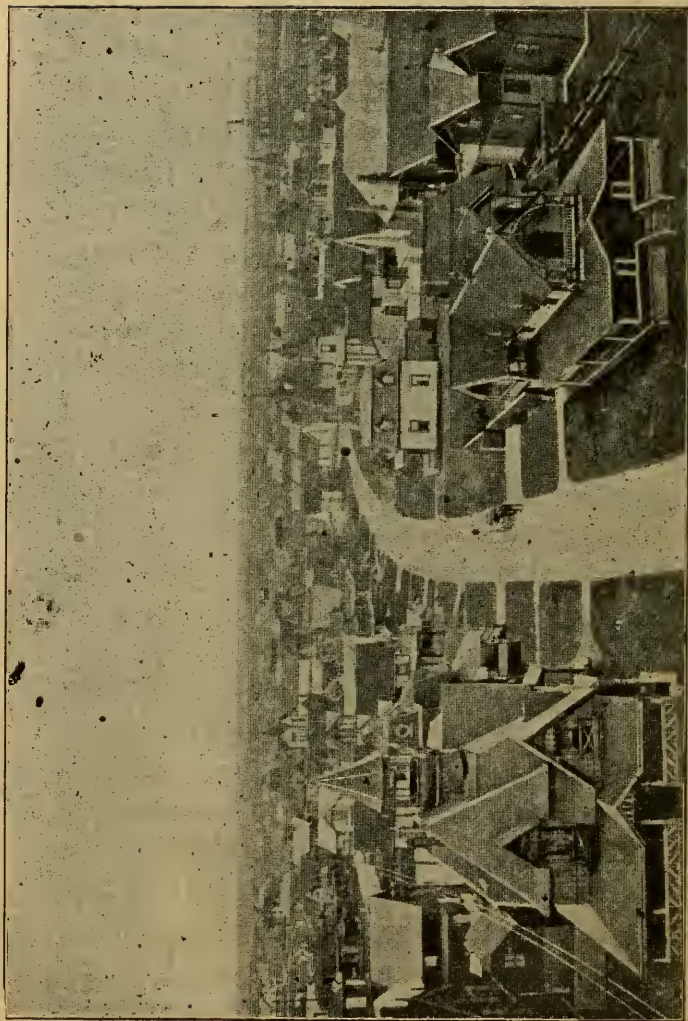




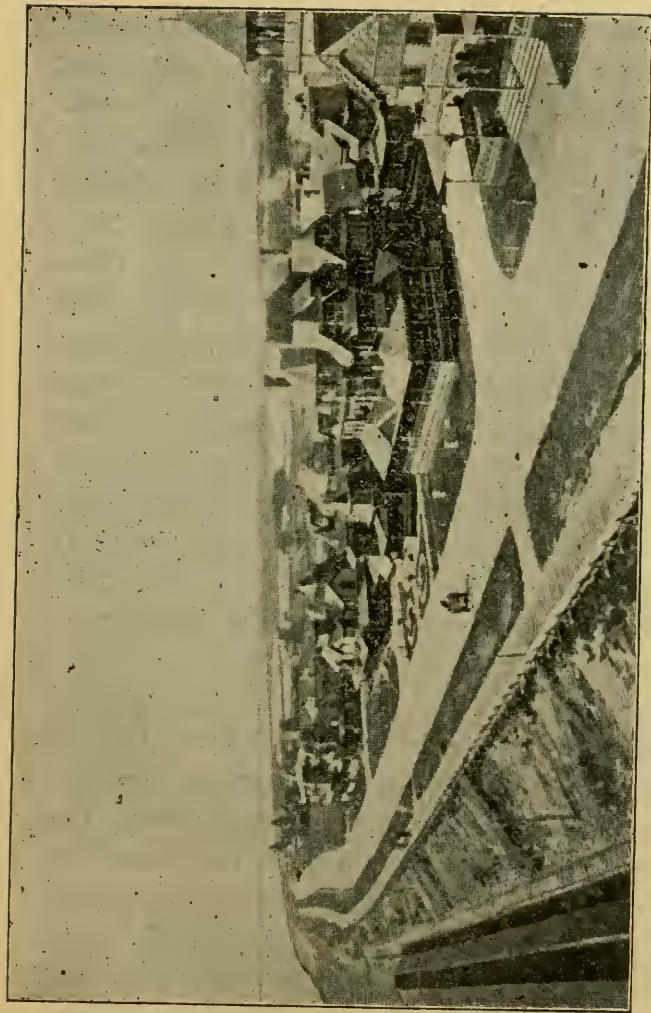
*Bathing Beach and Lover's Rock.*

the locality. The whole establishment, so far as its individuality is concerned, is packed upon an area of a few hundred acres, and yet the stranger may—and almost inevitably will—lose himself within the first quarter hour after his setting out upon a voyage of discovery. The crooked; winding, rambling highways and byways are largely responsible for this result, and the feature turns out to be one of the most pleasing of any of the belongings of the place. A habit of building here has been to place, at irregular intervals and in the most unexpected locations, circles of cottages facing inward upon each other, while one road or pathway—it is often little more—that forms the highway leading through the section keeps straight forward, or winds through the otherwise isolated fragments of the site. The most singular effects and delusions are often thus produced, and these circles, with their one, two or three dozen cottage fronts looking into each other's faces, and their piazzas animated with every variety of specimen of humanity, except the lowest, present the most perfect revelations of the possibilities of community enterprise and the grouping of domestic establishments.

It is said that formerly, or in the past when Cottage City was founded, the tree growth of the neighborhood extended to the very edge of the bluffs overlooking the ocean waters. The visitor to Cottage City at the present time will discover no traces of this condition, however, and he will mayhap be forced to the comment that, while the bluffs neighborhood occupies the most commanding and beautiful ocean views, the absence of trees and vegetation is most singularly marked. But the most perfect compensation is at hand. There is not a watering place in the United States that possesses a tree growth so singularly, so marvelously beautiful and beneficial as does this same foundation of Cottage City. Scarcely two hundred yards back from the bluffs this peculiarity asserts itself. The trees are almost exclusively of oak of the red and white varieties; but their growth is so peculiar, so suited to beautifying the locality and to contrasting with all other present conditions, that it would seem that the Creator had set this seal to the selection of the spot for unusual devotional and worshipful performances. Except in the very centre of Trinity Park, where the grand Tabernacle holds place, the individual trees have not been removed in all the speculation



*View Inland from Pavilion Tower.*

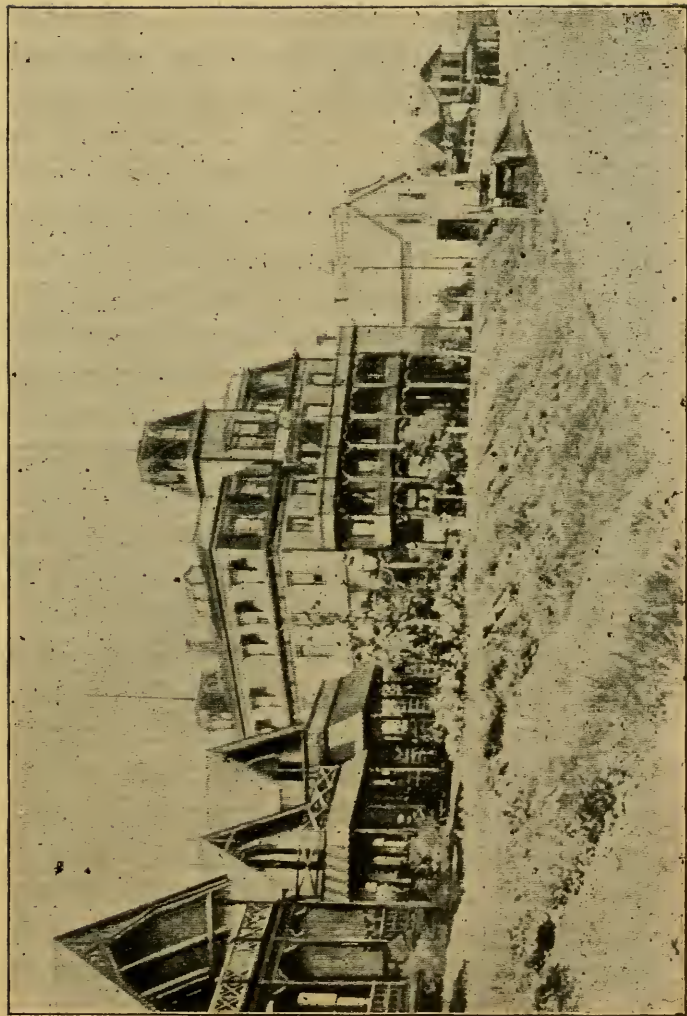


*View from Tower at Bathing Beach, Oak Bluffs.*



and enterprise incident upon the planting of the modern city. The glory of the cottages, in all parts except upon the Bluffs line, consists in the overhanging, spreading, shading, protecting trees that rear in front of and shelter and bless almost every cottage away from the ocean front. Their trunks are from one to two feet through, gnarled and knotted and burlled in most singular, and often grotesque, formations. Their great limbs spread amazingly, with a vitality and far-reaching comprehensiveness of a work to perform that are suggested to every appreciative beholder. In their branches the summer birds nestle and busy themselves, and under their shade the summer residents linger and rest—oh, how they rest!—themselves.

It is probable that the great majority of people who make reference by voice or pen to Martha's Vineyard are thinking when they do so, only of Cottage City, that place being the grand centre of attractions and interests for the whole island, and, indeed, the summering centre, *par excellence*, of all the land and water thereabouts. Yet this township occupies but a moiety of the territory of Martha's Vineyard—a section only of an island beautiful in every part, and replete with facinations within



*Wesley House.*

and without. Other portions of Martha's Vineyard are grandly attractive to the summer sojourner and visitor; and all the towns, villages and hamlets of the island have natural fascinations and delights of their own that render them desirable and supremely worthy the attention of the summer seeker. Edgartown, the shire town of the county, is about five and a half miles south on the coast from Cottage City. It is most delightfully situated on sheltered harbor waters that open on a picturesque bay, and is a quiet, dreamy old town—a relic of the days when the whale fisheries were active and at the height of their importance at Nantucket, New Bedford, Mattapoisett and hereabouts, and the whole coast was animated with the industries and flourishing with the prosperity that these pursuits engendered. Edgartown formerly included the whole section of the island upon which Cottage City and itself are now found, and its jurisdiction extended over the entire north-eastern shore of the Vineyard. Edgartown has the only harbor upon the eastern coast of the island, Cottage City having none whatever, the latter lying so to speak, directly upon the ocean front and looking the Atlantic squarely in the face. The natural protection for the

harbor of Edgartown is Chippaquiddick Island, which extends four or five miles north and south off the shores from the mouth of the harbor and along the eastern line of Katama Bay.

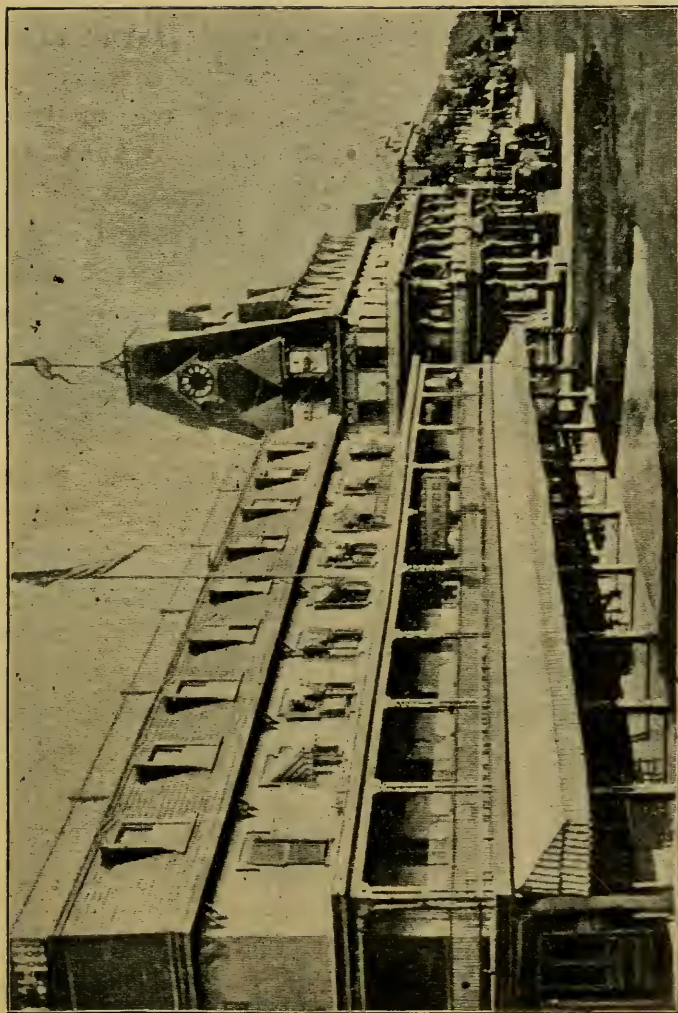
Katama is a short three miles south from Edgartown. A peculiarity of the place is that the Gulf Stream runs nearer to its shore than to any other along the Atlantic coast. Katama Bay is the southern outlet of the waters of Edgartown harbor, extending for a few miles in the direction indicated, and between the Vineyard and Chippaquiddick shores, to a junction with the ocean. On the charts the place is called Cotamy Bay, and the headland which holds the Katama establishment is set down as Cotamy Point. From this point, away up to the outlet of Edgartown harbor, the bay is of singularly uniform width. The scenery is thoroughly marine in all its features and is interesting chiefly from this fact. For bathing, no beaches in New England can equal these Katama shores, the water being perfectly still, safe and of high temperature. For boating and bathing purposes the element of perfect safety is here secured for women and children. In these neighborhoods, too,

are found some of the most noted fishing grounds of the Vineyard waters.

About one and one half miles in a direct line, still south, from Edgartown, and about four or five miles from the same place by following the winding shores, is South Beach. South Beach is to Martha's Vineyard what Surfside is to Nantucket; that is, it is the locality where the rolling surf may be seen under conditions of grandeur and impressiveness seldom attending upon such natural exhibitions. Even at ordinary times, when the waves only ripple upon the shores between Cottage City and Edgartown, and when the waters of Katama Bay are as smooth as a mill pond, the surf shows an angry, threatening front at South Beach, and its baritone may be heard far within the sandy natural fortresses that frown upon its encroachments. But when the south winds are blowing fresh, and especially when a "south-easter" musters its forces and attacks all along the line, "sublime" and "magnificent" are terms all too tame to be used in description of the ensuing scene.

On the north or northwestern shores of the island is found ancient Tisbury, reaching far inland from the coast bordering on the Holmes'

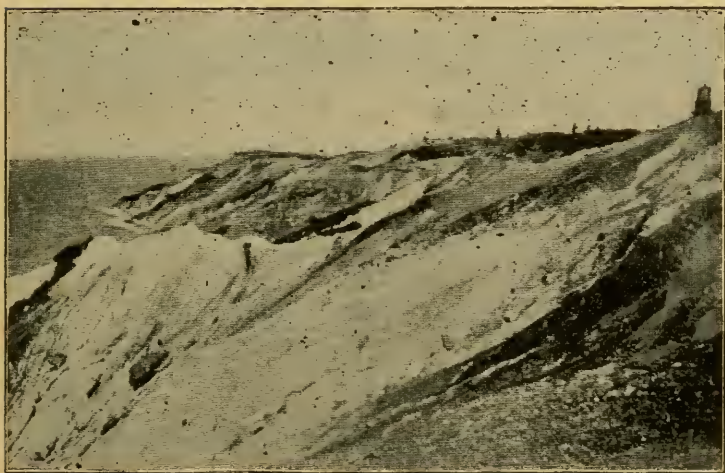




*Pawnee House.*

Hole waters, until it spreads its largest and fairest village of Vineyard Haven along the shores of the natural harbor of refuge at the extreme north of the island, which gives this village its name. Vineyard Haven and Lagoon Pond separate the territories of Tisbury and Cottage City in the midst of the island, while Edgartown and Chilmark form the southern and western Tisbury boundaries. The drives in every part of this section of the island are numerous and extremely attractive; while streams and great and small bodies of fresh and salt water, in the shape of ponds and lakelets, furnish most entertaining fisheries for the initiated.

Vineyard Haven is a most beautiful village, finely situated on extended side-hills sloping gently to the waters of the harbor, surrounded by forest growths, and having large store of shade and cultivated trees along its streets and within its borders. The place is very attractive in summer time, and one never tires of ranging over it. Tashmoo Spring, in the woods near by, furnishes adequate supply of purest water for the village. The harbor is always an animated place, every description of vessel, from the stately "liner" and lordly yacht to the coal barge and the market fisher-



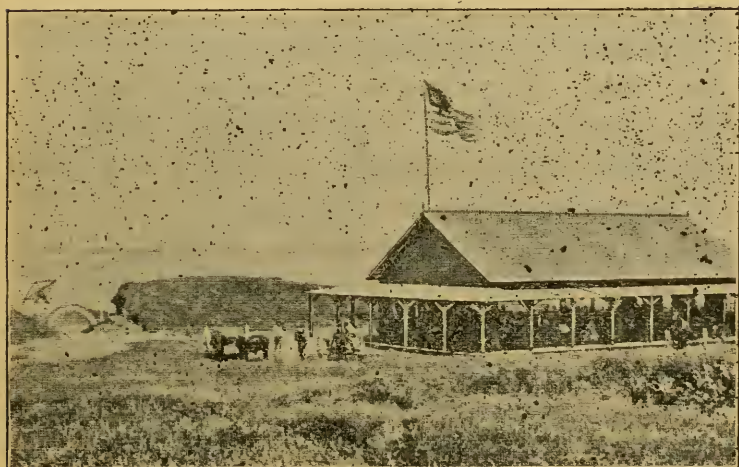
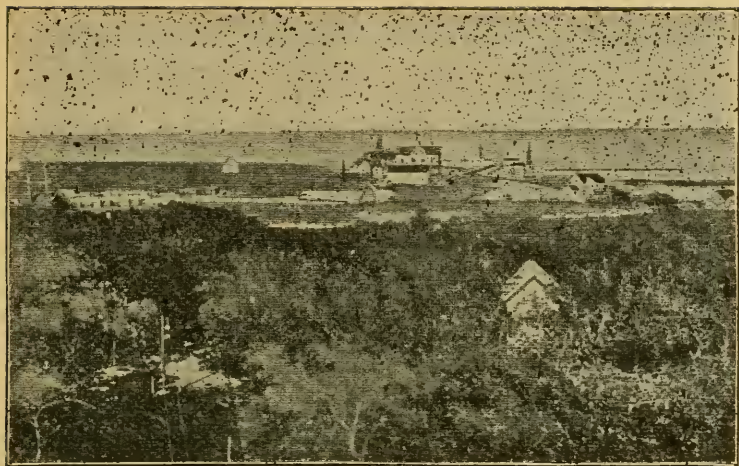
*Gay Head.*

man's punt, being exhibited there. "As a harbor of refuge," the haven has often many hundreds of vessels anchored within its waters at one time. In the late summers the vessels of the great yacht clubs of the country frequently rendezvous here, their crews and companies making things as lively and interesting on shore as their craft render the water scenes picturesque and fascinating.

A fine road, running along the side-hill and following the shore of the haven and the outside Sound, leads from Vineyard Haven to West Chop, the latter the headland forming the northeast extremity of the town, and the northernmost point of the island. In recent years West Chop has been taken possession of by a wealthy Boston syndicate, which has established here a miniature summer resort, with the finest buildings, appliances and appurtenances, which bids fair to become at no distant day, a full-fledged watering place of the most exalted character.

At the opposite extremity of the island—its western and southerly end,—is the town of Gay Head. Gay Head is in communication with the towns at the other extreme end of the island, but the ride thither over the island roads is not usually considered easy or inter-





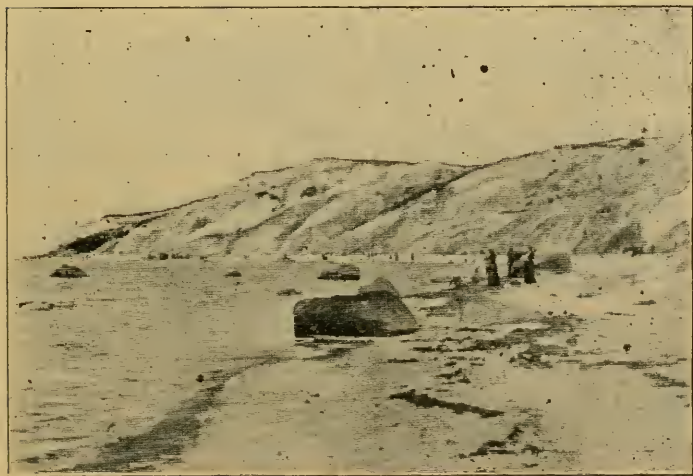
*Gay Head,*



esting. Its whole territory contains only about 2,400 acres, naturally as bare of tree growth as the Rock of Gibraltar, although by planting and assiduous care of late years a few acres of oak, beech and walnut trees have been coaxed into existence. The town takes its name from the fantastic cliff at its western extremity, the "Gay Head" that has been known to many generations of wondering admirers, and which rise sheer and clear almost perpendicularly to a height of 134 feet above the sea. Upon this wild cliff is the finest lighthouse on the American coast, its lantern 173 feet above the water.

The name of this interesting section is derived from its geological formation, no less than "twenty-three bright-colored bands of clay, sand, and conglomerate lignite and iron ore being presented on the face of the cliff within four-fifths of a mile. The clays are white, blood-red, dull-red, yellow and green." To the vessels that have occasion to cruise off this point, to excursionists approaching it from seaward, and to visiting humanity investigating its wonders, the face of this cliff is a revelation, indeed.

The town was incorporated only about thirty-two years since, or in 1870. Quite a



*Cliffs at Gay Head,*

number of the Indian descendants of its original population still remain as inhabitants of the place. This section is usually reached by visitors by excursions from Cottage City, or some of the mainland points from New Bedford to Cape Cod, in summer time.

The summer visitation to Martha's Vineyard is to every section of its habited portions, but chiefly, as a matter of course, to Cottage City, where every provision has been made for the reception of the sojourner, or the guest of a day or night, and for the employment and enjoyment of all comers, no matter what their condition or how long or short their stay. With Cottage City as a headquarters, all other sections of the island are easily and pleasantly reached; so that this place is a centre of delights and experiences such as few resorts can present, even in favored New England.

The first establishment of Martha's Vineyard as a summering place took place far within the present century, and an humble, unpretentious camp-meeting was the medium through which the influences began to work that have resulted in Cottage City and its summer life and attributes.

Previous to the advent of this camp-meeting the point of the island now occupied by Cottage



*Gay Head Transportation Facilities.*

City was a wilderness waste. A dwarfed but sturdy tree growth then gave the name "Oak Bluffs" to the locality, a portion of which still bears that cognomen; but of dwellings, or clearings, or any of the attributes of individual or community establishment, there were none. The wild grasses waved over the scantily covered sand plains that constitute the soil of the section, and the berry branches and vines, nodded to each other on the slightly inclined hillside, their annual crops untouched and unnoticed by any harvesters save birds and insects. Upon the shores there were no

wharves or artificial landing places, and the mariner cruising up and down the great highway opposite, regarded the place as rather to be shunned than sought, and was glad when, in bad weather, he had passed its cliff coast in safety.

But the beauty of the situation, the grandeur of its ocean surroundings and outlooks, and the healthfulness of its climate, had not entirely escaped the notice of man. The qualifications it presented as a summer sojourning place were thrust too plainly into the faces of all visitors to be quite disregarded, and in the course of time its claims were sure to receive recognition.

The first camp-meeting held here took place in August, 1835, and since that date to the present time hardly a year has passed without a successor of that assemblage upon the same grounds. The members of this pioneer establishment laid out the plat, cleared the underbrush, and perfected the proportions of what has now for many years been known as Trinity Park. From that time forward ministers and men of note appeared at the yearly meetings, as participants or visitors, and the institution speedily attained wide notoriety. There are some cottage owners and regular visitors

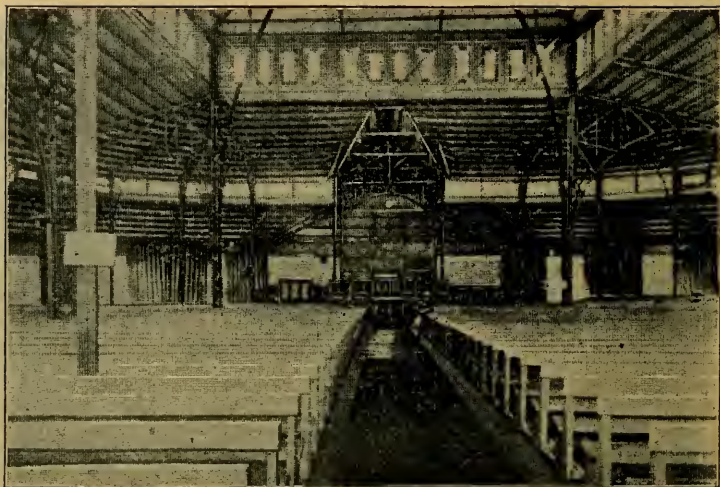




*Methodist Tabernacle,*

to the Cottage City of the present day whose dwellings occupy the same spots upon the camp ground that were covered by their tents forty, or even fifty years ago. Grace Chapel, in Trinity Park, now stands upon the very spot once occupied by Father Taylor's Bethel tent.

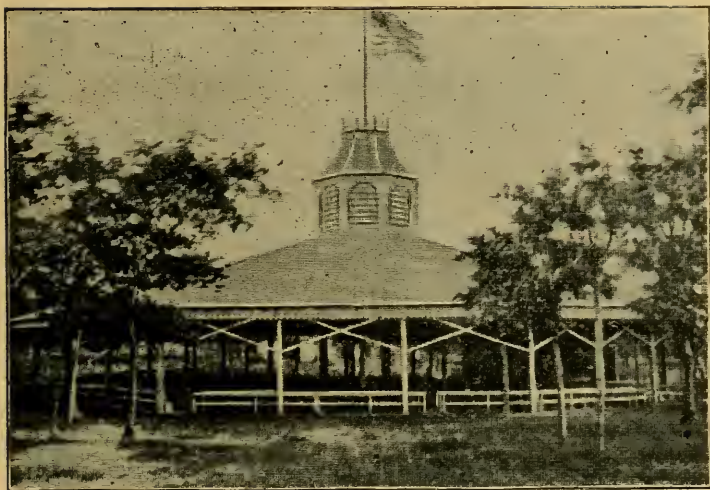
In those days getting to camp-meeting was not the simple and easy matter that it is at the present time. In the early days the parties came in vessels to points opposite the shore of what is now Eastville, over against Vineyard Haven; or, sometimes their crafts were anchored near the shore where now stands the



*Interior Methodist Tabernacle.*

Oak Bluffs and Highland wharves. The passengers were brought to the shore on rafts, and when the rafts struck the ground in the surf lines stalwart fellows waded off from the sands and carried the women and children ashore on their backs, or in their arms, performing the same service for men when desired. Of course, there was a good deal of nervousness about such performances, and ludicrous or exciting events were not lacking. A few ox teams constituted the sole transportation services of the neighborhood.

For many years after the establishment of this camp meeting not a building raised its



*Tabernacle,*

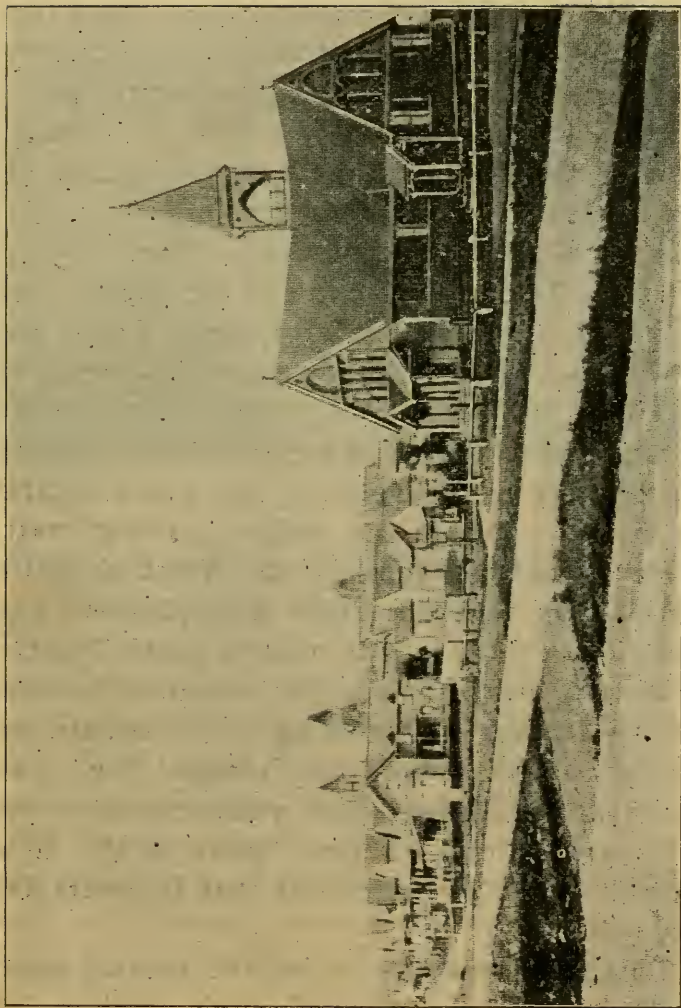
ridge pole in all this section, save only the rough shed erected for the preacher's stand. The members of the meeting were lodged in tents, arranged in a circle precisely as are the cottages in Trinity Park at the present day. The great Tabernacle now in the centre of that part occupies the site of the original preacher's stand.

The camp-meeting, vastly changed in its methods and appliances, still exists as a principal feature of the summer life at Cottage City, and the natural beauties and attractions of this place, and of the Vineyard, remain as

when fresh from the hand of the Creator. Old Trinity Park, beautiful through its matchless grove and situation, and glorified by associations that signify something more than a remarkable page in New England history, is a most delightful central feature in the community enterprise here. Oak Bluffs and the Highlands, and all the sections that individual and social enterprise have developed and brightened, are progressing in the spirit of the age and day, and only enhance a situation upon which Nature has lavished the best of her store.

That wealthy men have spent much money within and upon Cottage City is undeniable, but these disbursements have not been made to build up a watering place for the rich, or to render exclusive a colony of wealth hereabouts. The outlay has been put where it can be seen, and it may and does speak for itself. The forty miles of concreted walks and driveways, acres of ornate cottages and public and private buildings, the fine music and festivals, races, and tournaments, of every summer, and especially the incomparable spring water, coursing in every nook and corner of this city of cottages, these, and such as these, are the objects





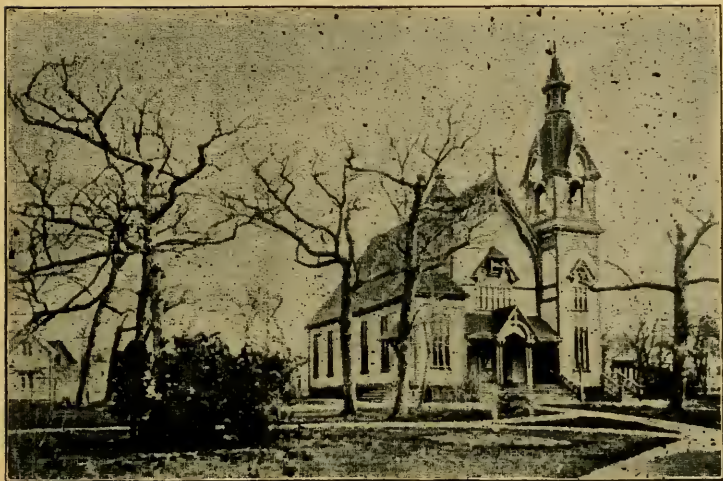
*Episcopal Church.*



for which wealth and influence have been lavished in Cottage City, and all grades of citizenship have been interested in the enterprise.

As to the sports and pastimes of boating, bathing and fishing, the Vineyard stands in the forefront among summer resorts with relation to these employments. The bathing beaches of Cottage City are of the same class with those of Newport, Narragansett Pier, Cape May, and all the well-known establishments of this kind known up and down the Atlantic coast. Great pains and expense have been incurred here to utilize fully this grand natural provision. As to the visiting sailing craft, there is not a yacht in the North Atlantic waters that does not know how pleasant and desirable a thing it is to make a landfall at the Vineyard, nor hardly a yachtsman who does not so arrange his cruising as to ensure an occasional run ashore at Cottage City. In August, usually, of each year occurs in the Vineyard waters a grand regatta of the New York Yacht Club—an event that interests far and wide.

This island may be called the central point around which are grouped great numbers of the finest fishing grounds known to ocean waters. As for bluefishing—that combination



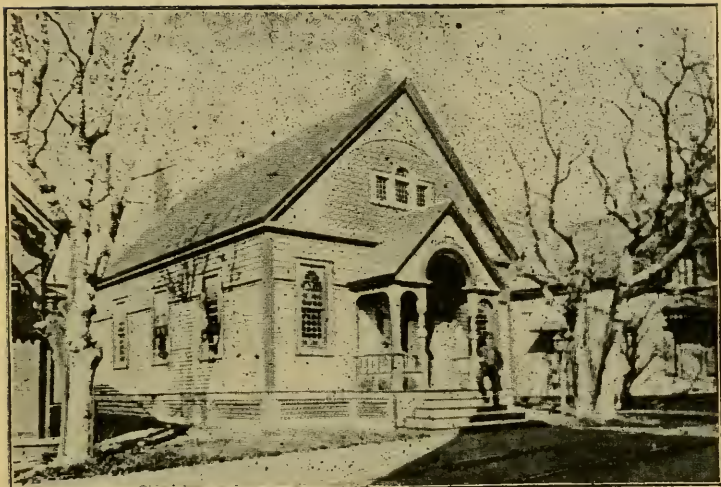
*Camp Grounds, Trinity Church.*

of the two sports, fishing and sailing—it is fair to say that it exists in perfection off the Vineyard shores. The very best bluefish grounds off Massachusetts, and perhaps the best to be found anywhere, are along the west side of Muskegat Channel, near the shore lying south from Edgartown. Muskegat Island lies about seven miles from the Vineyard shores, and through the interval between this island and the Vineyard runs the channel that gives name to the locality, the main channel being close along the Vineyard coast. These internal waters and all the neighborhoods of Muskegat are filled with shoals, “grounds” and

“rips”—all of them good and available bluefish haunts. The area covered by the surfaces indicated in the foregoing is from four to five miles in length, by two miles in breadth.

Cape Poge is the easternmost point of Martha's Vineyard and the nearest land to Nantucket, and is distant from the Cottage City wharves about seven miles. Soon after rounding this Cape the fisherman will find himself on the Muskegat “territory,” and among the shoals and rips aforesaid. If he is bent upon the very finest fishing, he will run over the “Shark Ground,” “Tom Shoal,” and other attractive localities to Wasque Point, probably finding something of interest and profit in all these places, and, perhaps, if wind and tide both serve, making a “strike” that will entirely satisfy him without further seeking. But, if he cruises from Wasque Point to Skiff's Island, over a rip about a mile and a half in length and formed naturally for the delight of the bluefish, he will occupy the very finest fishing grounds of the region, as his success will probably prove.

The last three hours of the ebbing tide is the time to catch bluefish successfully—when the waters are running over the shoals and indicating their hurry in the curling rips that

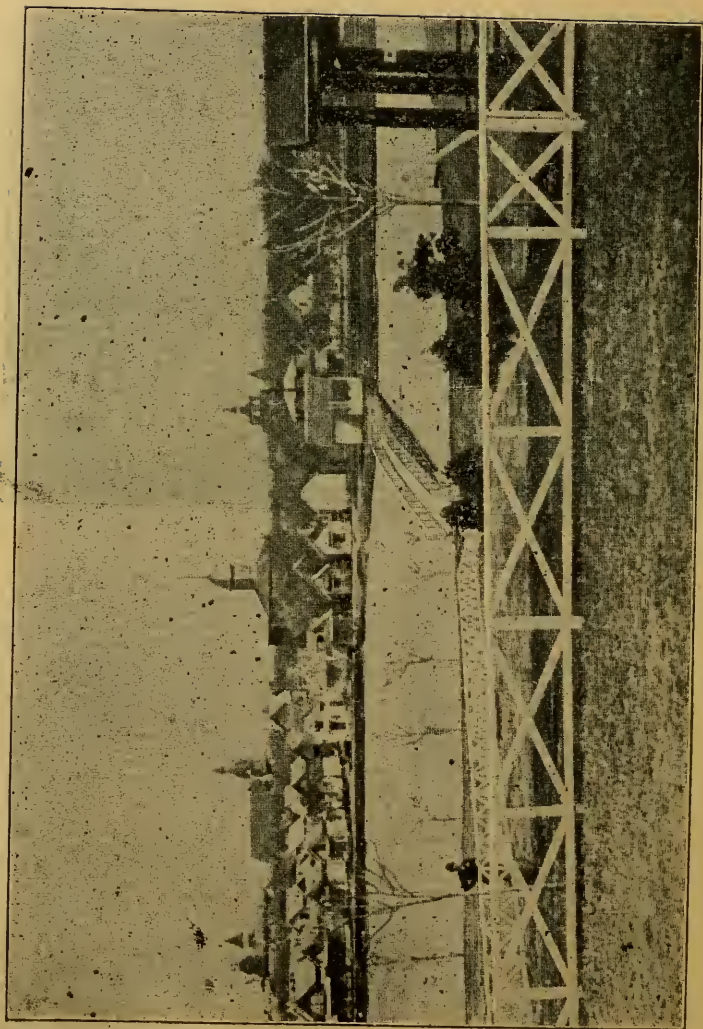


*Catholic Church.*



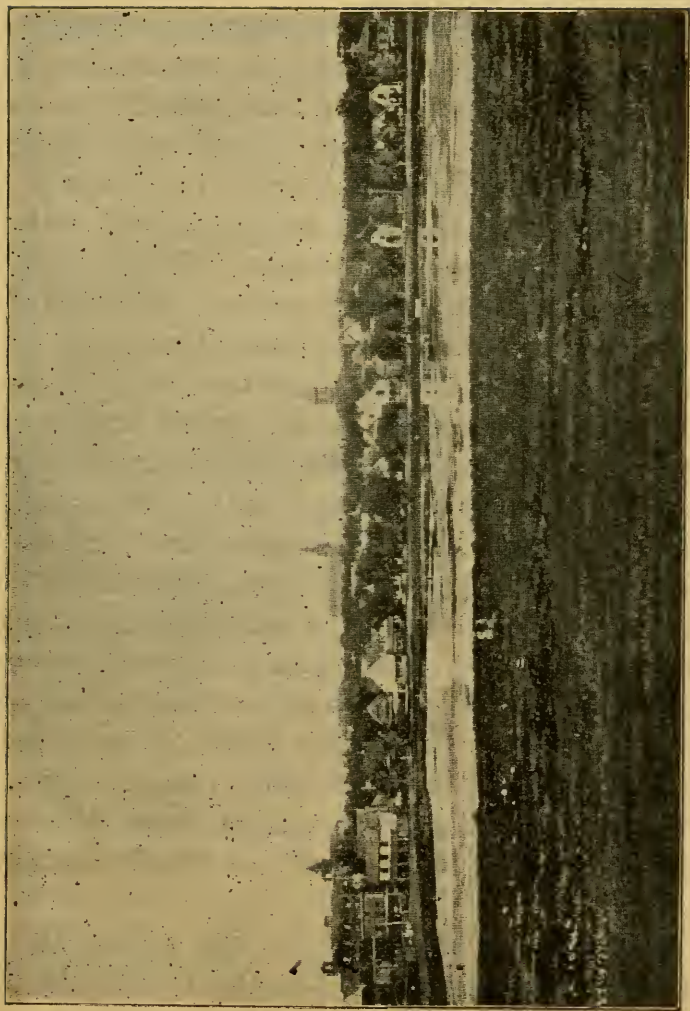
*Union Chapel.*





*Sunset Lake from Highlands.*





*Sunset Lake.*

mark the boundaries of the just hidden grounds that check their progress. The first waters of the ebb tide find the waters murky and foul, filled with seagrass and debris and the results from the reversal of the flowing. But for the last half of the ebb the waters are clear, and both fish and fishermen are better pleased with these conditions.

But many other varieties than the bluefish are to be freely taken in Vineyard waters. On Squash Meadow Shoal, about two miles off the Oak Bluffs Shore, there are some fine scup and rock bass grounds, and there is good fishing for these kinds, as well as for tautog and other varieties, on all sides of the northerly end of the island. For cod, trips must be made to Gay Head and the waters surrounding No Man's Land. The cruise is down the western shore of the island, and involves a sail of from twenty to thirty miles from Cottage City, but the fish will be found when one gets there. There are also cod to be caught about Mutton Shoal and the Outer Reef, in the Muskegat waters.

As to the details of daily life at the Vineyard or within Cottage City, the thousands of little acts and performances that make up each day's experiences and result in the delight

and recreation of the sojourner—how can these be presented in pen pictures? For women and children there is no summer resort in the country, save perhaps Nantucket, that can equal the Vineyard situations, and especially Cottage City. The best, indeed the only, satisfactory way to test the place is to have personal experience of it, such only as is involved in a visit to these shores. There are individuals and families who form a part of Cottage City's summer population who have not missed a single season of visitation here for thirty, thirty-five and even forty, consecutive years. In general terms it is perfectly fair to say that whoever visits the Vineyard once will come again, and will probably be found using influence to induce his friends and neighbors to follow his example. The permanent population of Cottage City—from six hundred to seven hundred persons—is augmented to ten thousand, fifteen thousand, or even more, in summer time; but there is room for all comers, delights and enjoyments for every mortal that seeks rest, pleasure and recreation, upon Vineyard lands and waters, and satisfactory experiences that carry no sting or alloy for all who seek communion with Nature, and a temporary forsaking of the cares of the world.

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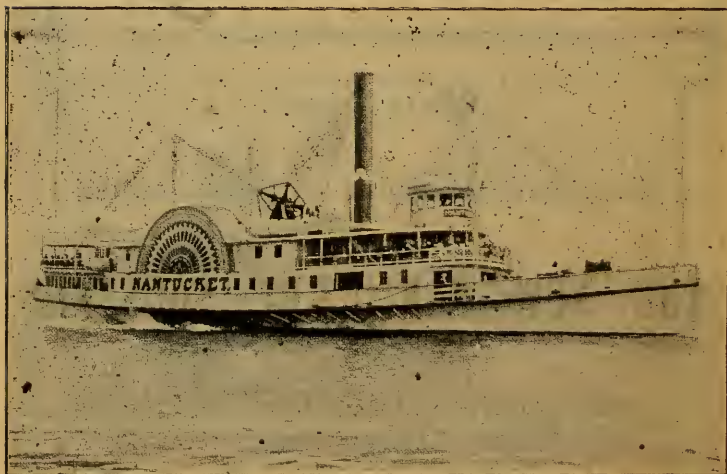
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